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LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA.

LAFAYETTE is one of the few heroes who rise above national prejudice and vanities, and is esteemed for what he is, independently of the accidents of birth and clime. In the early days of chivalry Lafayette was a name synonymous with everything magnanimous and heroic.

At the battle of Minden, in 1758, a young and valiant Frenchman sacrificed his life. He was the first Marquis de Lafayette. At this time his son, Marie-Jean-Paul-Roch-Yves-Gilbert de Motier Lafayette, lay in his cradle, an infant seven months old.

His father's death thus occurring at the time of his infancy left him solely in the care of his mother, a woman of rare attainments. He was passionately fond of study, and at an early age his mind gave indications of its power. When he was about twelve years old he entered Louis le Grande College at Paris, where he pursued his studies with great zeal for a time, but his high rank and the immense wealth which he inherited after the death of his mother and grandfather gained him the attention of royalty, and the gayety of the French court drew him away from his studies. He was a great favorite at the court and became a page to Queen Marie Antoinette. He was fond of society, but his soul from earliest boyhood was fired with the themes of human well-being and despotic cruelty.

At the age of sixteen Lafayette married a daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, his wife being two years his junior.

It was about this time that the Declaration of Independence was signed in America and the colonists began the struggle for freedom and a final separation from the mother country.

Men of high rank and standing espoused America's cause and came to aid her, Lafayette being prominent among them. It was he who said in a letter to the President of Congress:

The moment I heard of America I loved her ; the moment I knew she was fighting for freedom I burnt with a desire of bleeding for her ; and the moment I shall be able to serve her, at any time or in any part of the world, will be among the happiest ones of my life.

Although he was a favorite with King Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, and did much to influence them in behalf of America, they did not approve of his plans for aiding her. However, he procured a vessel at his own expense, and, with several other brave companions, came to America, where they landed, at Charleston, South Carolina, the 14th day of June, 1777.

A letter to his wife describes Charleston as being one of the "best built, handsomest, and most agreeable cities" he had ever seen, and he considered the American women very pretty, and was charmed with the "extreme neatness of their appearance."

After some delay he left Charleston for Philadelphia. The party started out by carriage, but the journey was very wearisome, as the roads were bad and the weather unfavorable. He writes to his wife:

You know that I set out in a brilliant manner in a carriage, and I must now tell you that we are all on horseback, having broken the carriage according to my usual praiseworthy custom, and I hope soon to write to you that we have arrived on foot. The journey is somewhat fatiguing, but although several of my comrades have suffered a great deal, I have scarcely myself been conscious of fatigue. The farther I advance to the north, the better pleased I am with the country and its inhabitants. There is no attention or kindness that I do not receive, although many scarcely know who I am.

This was in many respects an inauspicious time for Lafayette to appear before Congress offering his services to this country, for that body had received so many offers of this kind from foreigners who were mere adventurers that they hesitated, and told him there was little hope of his request being granted. But his hopes were not entirely crushed by this cold reception, for with unflinching patriotism he seized his pen and wrote the following words to Congress:

After the sacrifices I have made, I have a right to exact two favors : one is to serve at my own expense, the other is to serve as a volunteer.

The character of this offer greatly astonished the members of

Congress and they immediately learned his worth, and accordingly passed the following preamble and resolution July 31, 1777:

Whereas the Marquis de Lafayette, out of his great zeal in the cause of liberty, in which the United States are engaged, has left his family and connections and, at his own expense, come over to offer his services to the United States without pension or particular allowance, and is anxious to risk his life in our cause:

Resolved, That his services be accepted, and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family, and connections, he have the rank and commission of a major general in the Army of the United States.

The first meeting between Washington and Lafayette was at a dinner party given in Philadelphia. In spite of the difference in their ages a strong friendship immediately sprang up between them. Washington invited Lafayette to make the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief his home at all times, but suggested that he could not offer him the luxuries of court or perhaps the comforts he had been used to, but since he had become an American soldier he doubtless would submit to their privations.

Lafayette's rank of major-general was purely honorary until after he had defeated the four hundred Hessians with a mere handful of men at Gloucester, and had fought so nobly by the side of Washington at the battle of Brandywine. Then Congress realized that we had a major-general in every sense of the word fighting for us, and no ordinary private, and immediately appointed him to the command of a division in the Continental Army.

It should be mentioned to his honor that he had already been entirely devoted to the cause of freedom and was subject to the rebuffs of the nation for whose sake he was an exile from princely affluence and domestic joy.

The Army had now taken up its winter quarters at Valley Forge, where they suffered greatly for the want of food and proper clothing. We are told that Lafayette fared no better than the soldiers, and it is a great relief to learn, what historians usually fail to record, that he relieved the suffering soldiers.

He fought at the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, and at the battle of Rhode Island, August 29 of that same year.

It was after the retreat of Rhode Island that Lafayette was stationed in Bristol, being sent here with the charge of Warren,

Bristol, and the Eastern Shore, making the Reynolds house his headquarters while there.

About this time news reached Lafayette that the French ministry were planning an attack upon England, on account of which he felt that his duty lay there, and he accordingly obtained a leave of absence from Congress. It was the same noble and unselfish motive as that which led him to come to America. He left with great reluctance, yet he felt it his duty to help his own country in time of trouble.

While he was making preparations for his departure he was taken ill with a fever which threatened to be fatal. The whole Army was very anxious about him, and it was with the keenest pleasure that the news of his recovery was received.

Congress voted to present him with a cane, which was sent him soon after his arrival in France. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship, with designs representing the battles of Gloucester and Monmouth and the retreat of Rhode Island. It was presented to the Marquis by a grandson of Benjamin Franklin, with a letter by Benjamin Franklin himself, bearing these words:

By the help of the exquisite artists France affords, I find it easy to express everything but the sense we have of your worth and our obligations to you.

Lafayette's ardor for the American cause did not cease while he was in France. So enthusiastic were his efforts in her behalf that the prime minister of France remarked, "He would unfurnish the palace of Versailles to clothe the American Army!" At which Lafayette replied, "I would!"

He finally received the glad news that the King had decided to aid the American cause, and when spring came would send to us six vessels and six thousand troops of infantry.

March 19, 1780, brought Lafayette himself to America, eager to tell his adopted father, Washington, what the King had promised. There was a universal holiday in Boston on the day of his arrival, but immediately after he was confronted with the destitute condition of our army, for which he at once gave one hundred guineas, in Madame Lafayette's name, as a relief fund.

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, which virtually ended the Revolution, it has been said, was due largely to La-

fayette's plans and stratagems. His fame was never tarnished by a single military blunder.

Great was the enthusiasm which greeted Lafayette on his second arrival home, December, 1781. Royal salons courted his presence, and highborn dames and gallant cavaliers vied to do him homage. Even sovereigns deigned to note with especial honor his return.

In August, 1824, Lafayette was invited by President Monroe to visit America as the Nation's guest. His private secretary and his son, George Washington Lafayette, were his companions. It was forty years since he had taken his sad leave of Washington, whom he had visited at his beautiful home at Mount Vernon three years after the war.

Little idea had the Nation's guest of the deep enthusiasm and joy with which he was to be welcomed in America. Crowds of people gathered at the City Hall in New York to catch a glimpse of him. He was greatly moved by the demonstration, and the tears fell down his face as he beheld those who had fought by his side on the battlefield.

The next place he visited was Providence, where a grand dinner was given in his honor. A sentiment given by Hon. Tristram Burgess was as follows:

Might the potentates of Europe but behold this republican spectacle in America they would then feel that the blaze of loyalty cannot warm like the ardor of patriotism, and realize how much less dear to the heart is the exacted homage of subjects than the spontaneous gratitude of free men. Our eyes and our hearts are turned to the same illustrious individual while we say :

All hail !

To the companion of Washington ;
The fellow-soldier of Gréene and Hamilton ;
The friend of Freedom ;
The citizen of Europe ;
The guest of the United States :
General Lafayette !

Providence was filled with associations for Lafayette, for here such a warm welcome was given him during the war. He was always considered the life of the circle, and the houses of the best families were heartily thrown open to him, such as the Bowens, the Nightingales, the Browns, Fosters, Corliss, Jones,

Tillinghast, Madame Dexter, and others. He also found pleasure in visiting the pleasant home of William Field, of Field's Point, and the Garrison House, Cranston.

An old lady, who died some time ago, remembered distinctly having seen Washington, Lafayette, and other officers dancing at a ball given at the Garrison House, with swords dangling at their sides. The ladies present had powdered hair and wore spangled dresses.

His trip from Providence to Boston was a brilliant one. Crowds of people filled the streets from Roxbury to Boston Common. As they entered the Common the procession was stopped and a little girl was lifted into his carriage. After saying a few words she placed a laurel wreath upon his head, all of which affected Lafayette deeply, and he kissed the child and made a reply in language suitable for her years.

A collation was served in the Governor's dining marquee, which was 176 by 60 feet, where there were six tables 170 feet long, upon which were set 1,600 plates. His reception in Boston is thought by some to have been the finest which he had in this country.

However, as he passed through New York once more, before starting up the Hudson, a grand fête was given there in his honor, the following account of which was given in the "New York Evening Post" of 1824:

We hazard nothing in saying it was the most magnificent fête given under cover in the world. It was a festival that realizes all that we read of in Persian tales or Arabian Nights, which dazzled the eye and bewildered the imagination, and which produced so many powerful combinations by magnificent preparations as to set description almost at defiance. We never saw ladies more brilliantly dressed; everything that fashion and elegance could devise was used on the occasion. Their headdresses were principally of flowers, with ornamented combs, and some with plumes of ostrich feathers. White and black lace dresses over satin were mostly worn, with a profusion of steel ornaments, and neck chains of gold and silver, suspended to which were beautiful gold and silver badge medals, bearing a likeness of Lafayette, manufactured for the occasion.

The gentlemen had suspended from the buttonholes of their coats a similar likeness, and, with the ladies, had the same stamped on their gloves. A belt or sash, with the likeness of the General, and entwined with a chaplet of roses, also formed part of the dress of the ladies. Foreigners who were present admitted that they had never seen any-

thing equal to this fête in the several countries from which they came—the blaze of light and beauty, the decorations of the military officers, the combinations of rich colors which met the eye at every glance, the brilliant circle of fashion in the galleries—everything in the range of sight being inexpressibly beautiful, and doing great credit and honor to the managers and all engaged in this novel spectacle. The guests numbered several thousand, but there was abundant room for the dancing, which commenced at an early hour and was kept up until about three o'clock in the morning.

The day after this celebration the steamer "James Kent" took Lafayette and party aboard at Castle Garden, where they started for Albany. Lafayette took great pleasure in pointing out to his son the places of interest along the way, such as the spot where Major André was arrested and Stony Point, where "Mad Anthony Wayne" captured the British.

As they came near West Point the air was rent with the cheers of the people. Colonel Thayer and the cadets received them and served a dinner in their honor in the mess-room, where many toasts were made to the General. They had suspended over his head an eagle grasping in its talons the word "Yorktown" and holding in its beak "September 6, 1777."

Old Fort Putnam, where Lafayette had been stationed during the Revolution, was visited by the party. The old Robinson house was seen at a distance, where Lafayette with Generals Knox and Washington were dining with Mrs. Arnold when the news of Arnold's treason reached them. Later on, when they were approaching Newburgh Point, Lafayette said to one of his party, Colonel Nicholas Fish, "Nick, do you remember when we used to ride down that hill with the Newburgh girls on an ox-sled?" The Colonel did remember the incident, and reminded Lafayette that some of those Newburgh girls had married distinguished men and were now venerable matrons.

Thus all along the way, at the different towns and hamlets, Lafayette was received with this same enthusiasm.

He next stopped at Albany, then at Troy, where he was received very prettily at the Troy Female Seminary by the principal and her pupils. The steps of the school ascended from either side, and on their front was placed an arch trimmed with evergreens, bearing the appropriate words:

We owe our schools to freedom;
Freedom to Lafayette.

The principal received Lafayette at the entrance of the seminary, and her pupils, who stood just within, sang the following verses, composed by herself :

And art thou, then, dear Hero come ?
And do our eyes behold the man
Who nerved his arm and bared his breast
For us ere yet our life began ?
For us and for our native land
Thy youthful valor dared the war ;
And now, in winter of thine age,
Thou 'st come and left thy loved ones far.

Then deep and dear thy welcome be ;
Nor think thy daughters far from thee.
Columbia's daughters, lo, we bend,
And claim to call thee father, friend !

No ! 'twas the love of human kind ;
It was the sacred cause of man ;
It was benevolence sublime,
Like that which sways the Eternal Mind !
He shed his blood for all mankind.

After the song Lafayette was presented with a copy of it, printed on embossed paper, with a blue border. He afterwards asked for other copies that his daughters might have them. It is said that nothing had affected him more since his arrival in America.

He now began his journey southward toward Virginia. At Bergen he was the recipient of a gold-mounted cane, which was made from an apple tree under which Washington and himself had dined one day when they were passing through that place. "Lafayette" was written on the head of the cane, and around it the words—

Shaded the hero and his friend, Washington, in 1779. Presented by the corporation of Bergen in 1824.

In Philadelphia all the town was astir. A cutting from the "Clarion" or "Bristol County Advertiser" of 1824 gives the following:

General John Davis, of Chester County, Pennsylvania, who was a distinguished man in the war and an intimate of General Lafayette, has for a long time past been laboring under a paralytic stroke so severe in its

effects as to deprive him of speech. A few days since one of his family told him of the arrival of General Lafayette in this country; he immediately, as nature's last effort, exclaimed, "Is he here?" and the tears trickled down this aged patriot's cheeks; he was unable to utter more.

There was great eagerness to receive their Nation's guest in the best manner possible. An enormous civic arch was placed across the street in front of the State House, beautifully illuminated with various colored lamps. The expense for horses used on that occasion amounted to ten or fifteen thousand dollars.

At a dinner given of Lafayette in Philadelphia, when his son, George Washington Lafayette, was asked to respond to a toast, he put his hand to his heart and, struggling with his feeble command of English, said, "I am so happy to be the son of my father!" words which touched the hearts of the people more than the most fluent language.

The journey through Virginia was one of peculiar pleasure, it being the State in which he first took command in the Army.

At Mount Vernon he was presented with a gold ring, inclosing hair of Washington and his wife, by George Washington Parke Custis.

Lafayette was present at Yorktown when the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis took place. There, on the site of the redoubt where he had stood forty-three years before, he received those who had stood by his side and fought. A breakfast was served there that day under "the veritable tent of Washington," which added much to the impressiveness of the occasion. His headquarters at this time were the mansion of Governor Nelson.

At a fête given in his honor wax candles were used for illumination which had then been recently found in a chest left there by Cornwallis. Several of these were given to Lafayette, who took them to France and placed them in his museum at La Grange.

The citizens of Richmond celebrated Lafayette's coming by inviting a large number of Revolutionary veterans to receive their fellow-soldier as he entered the city. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe were present on that occasion.

This grand tour, which had taken our guest through "every State and nearly every city in the Union," ended in Washington, where the greetings of the people were as enthusiastic as they were the day he landed here.

It was voted by Congress to give him \$200,000 as part payment for his services in this country. Forty years had passed since he had been in America, and he could now see what a growth the Republic had made.

Upon his birthday, which was the 6th day of October, at the eastern steps of the White House, President John Quincy Adams, in the presence of the officers of the Government and a vast concourse of ladies and gentlemen, bade the Nation's guest a final farewell in one of the most touching and eloquent addresses that had been delivered to him in all his travels through the United States. After this Lafayette made the following reply :

God bless you, sir, and all who surround us ! God bless the American people, each of their States, and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart ; such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat.

He embarked on the new frigate-ship "Brandywine," which had been named in his honor, her mast "bearing the Stripes and the Stars, her bosom to contain the person of our guest."

Before he was twenty-one years old he had devoted himself and his fortune to the American Colonies in their unequal conflict with the Mother Country for independence. After fighting gallantly by the side of Washington, he returned to France with the only reward he desired or valued—the gratitude of a free people.

He died May 20, 1834. His death caused sorrow in every heart ; but nowhere more than in the United States. He was a man of whom it may be said, "Take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again !"

I've marked his ardent, daring eye,
In warrior's camp and battle cry,
'Midst clashing steel and murderous strife
Of man to sever man from life.

I've mark'd his sympathetic tear
To fallen foes, and I revere

That sterling worth and nobleness
That help'd us in our sore distress.

If e'er's a boon to nation given,
Or mortal man from highest Heaven,
That boon is ours, and lingers yet—
Our country's glory—Lafayette.

MIRIAM WILLIAMS SKINNER.

TWO REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE.

THE following is a brief account of two soldiers of the Revolution, written not because they were distinguished or great, but just because they were examples of the spirit and tone of the common people, for the time has passed away forever when History concerned herself only with the heroic deeds of kings and knights and lords, and we realize that we can best understand any great struggle by the record of the popular sentiment; by the sacrifices the common people were willing to make for it. Of the two portraits in this sketch, one is that of a farmer, a true son of the soil, the other a mechanic in what was then the first town of importance in Massachusetts. Unlike in all other circumstances, yet animated by the same spirit of patriotism, with "unfailing loyalty they gave all they had to give to the cause of their country's independence."

Samuel Lawrence was the son of Captain Amos Lawrence, and descended from John Lawrence, who came over from England about 1630. John settled originally in Watertown near Boston, but afterwards removed to Groton, about thirty miles inland, and was one of the original proprietors. Some of his descendants of the eighth generation are still living there. Samuel was born April 24, 1754. He was consequently just twenty-one at the commencement of the War of Independence. The news of the Concord fight reached Groton about ten o'clock on the morning of the eventful 19th of April. Samuel was a corporal in one of the Groton companies of Minute Men, and as he was plowing his father's field in the sweet April sunshine, his neighbor, Governor Oliver Prescott, rode up, shouting,

"Samuel, the British are coming; notify your men!" Leaving the plow and mounting the general's horse, Samuel made a circuit of seven miles, calling on all the men of his company, and returned to his father's house in fifty minutes. The company met at the church, where a brief religious service was held, arms and ammunition were distributed, and at one o'clock the two Groton companies and the Pepperell company were on the road and marched with all possible dispatch to Concord and Lexington. They were, however, too late to take part in the battle, and so marched on to Cambridge, where were the headquarters of the American Army, and that night, which marked the commencement of the siege of Boston, the Middlesex companies were on duty guarding the roads which led to the town. And now the militia from far and near flocked to Cambridge. Most of the farmers, hastening from the fields, brought nothing with them but their guns and the clothes they had on. It was, therefore, a welcome sight when, as soon as he could collect a wagonload of provisions, Captain Amos Lawrence drove to the lines with welcome stores for his son and neighbors. The Middlesex regiment was commissioned May 26, and he was orderly to its commander, Colonel Prescott. The regiment took an active part in the battle of Bunker Hill. Ensign Lawrence was near Dr. Joseph Warren when he was shot. Captain Farwell, of his company, was severely wounded, and he himself received a wound in the arm, while a bullet passed through his hat. Had he been a little taller it would have passed through his brain. Ensign, afterwards Adjutant, and then Major Lawrence, remained in the Army for more than three years, his regiment being in active service all the time in Massachusetts and New York, where he was on General Sullivan's staff; in New London, and, finally, at the battle of Rhode Island, during which time he was at home for only two brief furloughs. The first of these was in July, 1777, when, the regiment being again in Cambridge, he asked and obtained leave to go home for a few days for the express purpose of marrying Miss Susanna Parker, to whom he had been engaged for more than two years. The marriage took place at this time in compliance with the advice of Major Lawrence's mother, who said that if anything happened to Sam, Susan had better be his widow than his for-

lorn damsel—not a very cheerful reason for a wedding; nor was the ceremony concluded before the ringing of the bell gave the alarm calling all the soldiers to arms. Hardly were the young couple pronounced man and wife when they were separated, and within an hour the bridegroom was on his march again to Cambridge. The alarm proved to have been unnecessary, and his colonel granted the young soldier leave to return for a few days to provide for his bride's comfortable sojourn in his father's house. He was allowed another short furlough at the end of the year, the regiment being in winter quarters in Rhode Island. In September, 1778, immediately after the battle of Rhode Island, the last battle fought on New England soil, Major Lawrence resigned his commission and left the Army, returning home to his native town. Here he lived for nearly fifty years, rearing a large family, exercising a boundless hospitality (his daughters said they might as well keep a tavern), interested in every undertaking for the growth and welfare of the town, and one of the trustees of the Groton (now Lawrence) Academy. It is a curious illustration of the way in which his military life was merged in that of a civilian that he was never called "Major," but always "Deacon" Lawrence, having been made a deacon of the church at the age of twenty-nine. The brief romance of his early life seemed to have quite faded with the light of common day, and yet not wholly so, for with his Groton comrades he formed a club where the veterans met to recall the stirring events of their youth; and as at the close of a wintry day we have seen the eastern hills all glowing with crimson splendor from the rays of the setting sun, so one last gleam gilded the last days of the good man's life. On the 27th of June, 1825, the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument was laid. General Lafayette, the idol of the American Army, was present by special invitation, having crossed the ocean in a vessel sent by the American Government to bring him, and Daniel Webster pronounced the oration. Seated before him were the veterans who had "toiled" all night and fought all day fifty years before, and among them Major, now Deacon, Lawrence. Into every human life comes at some time, sooner or later, one drop at least of peace and unmixed happiness, and when Mr. Webster in the course of his oration (one of the three finest that

he ever delivered) addressed these old soldiers, "And you, venerable men," and they rose by a common impulse to their feet, they tasted that perfect draught. It was too much bliss for the hero of this sketch, for he received the next day a paralytic stroke from which he never recovered, though he lived for nearly two years.

TIMOTHY BIGELOW.

The two subjects of this sketch were complete contrasts to each other in every respect except their fervent loyalty to the cause of independence. Major Lawrence was short, blue-eyed, with fair hair and fresh English complexion, of true Saxon stock for generations in England before John Lawrence came to America. Colonel Timothy Bigelow was over six feet in height, with dark complexion, aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes—a man whose force of character would have won for him position and influence wherever he might have been placed. So far from country, from an ancestry whose tombstones can still be found in the peaceful church-yards of England, the name of Bigelow is unknown in that country, nor is it known from what name it is derived. It was originally spelled Biglow. There is also some suspicion of Indian admixture in the blood. Be that as it may, Timothy Bigelow was a blacksmith in the town of Worcester. At the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle he was a married man with five children. The day after what was called the "Boston tea party," the throwing of the tea into Boston Harbor, a messenger sent to spread the news through the inland towns rode up to the forge to have his horse's shoe attended to, and told the news to the blacksmith. The latter shod the horse, then walked into the house, and taking from his wife's pantry her precious chest of tea, threw it into the wide kitchen fireplace, and, lest the flames should spare any morsel of the accursed thing, stamped with the heel of his boot the broken chest as it fell apart into the glowing embers, and stood and watched it till the last particle was consumed. His wife, daughter, and black servant beheld the sacrifice, and not one dare remonstrate. Not that he was a domestic tyrant; far from it. He was a loving and tender husband and father, as his letters prove, but he was a man whose intense earnestness of

purpose always made his will law. From that time he, with others, engaged in raising troops and preparing for the coming struggle for independence. He was one of the little band who, under Arnold, penetrated the pathless forests of Maine and besieged Quebec at the end of the year 1775. It was a daring undertaking, and the little army underwent terrible hardships from exposure, cold, and starvation. Arnold, whose bravery at least was never questioned, concentrated his small force through wildernesses hitherto impenetrable by any white men. They swam across the Kennebec, and Major Bigelow ascended a hitherto unknown mountain in order to find a trail (it still bears the name Mount Bigelow). Their hardships were terrible. As a child I used to listen with terror to my grandmother's account of how they cut the leather from the tops of their boots and, boiling it in water, drank what one might call leather tea. It took them two months to arrive before the fortress of Quebec, and their numbers were thinned by the desertion on the road of one of the three divisions of the army. The expedition failed—Montgomery, the commander of part of the troops which had come by another route, was killed, Arnold was wounded, and Major Bigelow was taken prisoner. He remained a prisoner of war till he was exchanged the next summer. He returned home to his family, but was soon again in the field, this time with the rank of colonel and in command of the First Massachusetts Regiment. This regiment was engaged in all the most important battles of the Revolution; among others, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, Saratoga, and Yorktown. General Washington said, in reviewing this regiment, "This is discipline indeed," which we may well believe when we remember how its colonel exercised his authority in the domestic camp in the matter of the tea-chest. It is related that during that sad and gloomy winter at Valley Forge, when the American Army was suffering from every hardship—no pay, no provisions, no protection from the bitter weather—a number of officers assembled one evening in Colonel Bigelow's tent to discuss the question whether they could or ought to hold out longer against such overwhelming odds. Some said boldly that if Congress could not clothe or feed them, they were under no obligation to leave their families to starve and freeze for a

hopeless cause. When all who wished had spoken, Colonel Bigelow arose and said:

I have listened to all the remarks of discontent offered here this evening, but as for me I have long since come to the conclusion to stand by the American cause, come what will; I have enlisted for life. I have cheerfully left my home and family. All the friends I have are the friends of my country. I expect to suffer with cold, hunger, fatigue, and, if need be, I shall lay down my life for the liberty of these colonies.

He did not see his family at all during these years, but there are a few of his letters to his wife still preserved. One is in answer to a question of hers as to whether it would not be best for her, since money was so sorely needed, to accept an offer for the purchase of her black slave Pompey; his answer was:

No; let him go free if you cannot keep him and if he does not desire to stay with you, but it shall never be said that I sold a fellow-man while I was fighting for liberty.

That was, however, a common feeling in Massachusetts. Many towns voted the freedom of the slaves within their limits, and the General Court decreed pardon of all slaves.

In 1780 Massachusetts with her dependency, Maine, was the only State in the Union where there were no slaves at the close of the War of Independence, and it was long years before any of the other States followed her example.

At the close of the war Colonel Bigelow returned home; he had an appointment for a while at West Point, and then in the arsenal at Springfield, but he did not retain either for any length of time. There was no Pension Bureau in those days, but in acknowledgment of his services Congress gave Colonel Bigelow a tract of land in Vermont. To the small village in this tract he gave the name of Montpelier, being induced to do so by his regard for the French officers, who assured him that, in its situation and the salubrity of its climate, the plan greatly resembled the French town of Montpelier; but, alas! to give it a name was his only lasting connection with the present capital of Vermont. The records do not show to whom or when he parted with it, but he probably sold it to pay the debts incurred in the education of his children, and to lavish hospitality, especially to his old companions in arms. Broken in health and fortune, he died in Worcester in 1790, in the fifty-first year of

his age, enjoying to the last the idolizing affection of his children and the grateful veneration of his fellow-townsmen. When a monument to Colonel Bigelow's memory was placed in the park at Worcester by one of his descendants, in 1861, there was present at the ceremony of unveiling a venerable man, Hon. Levi Lincoln, who could remember in his boyhood seeing Colonel Bigelow walk the streets of Worcester, and being taught with his school-fellows to always take off his hat and bow to Parson Bancroft and Colonel Bigelow as the two most venerated characters in the town.

This sketch was written to record some of the deeds and to illustrate the sentiments of the common people in the days of the Revolution. Long may it be the glory of America that courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice are common virtues among her common people.

E. SEAVER,

Historian of Ann Story Chapter, Rutland, Vt.

REVOLUTIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

On the 16th of May, 1775, "a meeting of the inhabitants of that part of Augusta County, Virginia, that lies on the west side of the Laurel Hill" * was held at Pittsburg, at which the following gentlemen were chosen a committee for the district :

George Croghan, John Campbell, Edward Ward, Thomas Smallman, John Cameron, John McCullough, William Gee, George Valandingham, John Gibson, Dorsey Penticost, Edward Cook, William Crawford, Devereux Smith, John Anderson, David Rodgers, Jacob Vanmetre, Henry Enoch, James Ennis, George Wilson, William Vance, David Shepherd, William Elliot, Richmond Willis, Samuel Sample, John Ormsby, Richard McMahon, John Neville, and John Sweringen.

These "met in committee and resolved that John Campbell, John Ormsby, Edward Ward, Thomas Smallman, Samuel Sample, John Anderson, and Devereux Smith, or any four of them, be a standing committee and have full power to meet at such

* American Archives, fourth series, vol. ii, pp. 612-615; History of Augusta County, J. Lewis Peyton, pp. 206-208, and others.

times as they shall judge necessary, and in case of any emergency to call the committee of this district together, and shall be vested with the same power and authority as the other standing committee and committees of correspondence are in the other counties within this colony." They unanimously passed strong Whig resolutions, commending "the spirited behavior of their brethren in New England," which they resolved to encourage their neighborhood to emulate, and resolved to take action looking to the immediate arming and disciplining of the militia in accordance with the recommendation of the colonial convention held at Richmond on the 20th of March previous, and to the collecting of two shillings and six pence by their members from each of their constituents in order to purchase one pound of gunpowder and one pound of lead, flint, and cartridge paper for each tithable person. They earnestly requested the committees of Frederick, Augusta, and Hampshire to secure for the use of their destitute country a quantity of ammunition they had reason to believe was destined for this place for the purpose of government, and they ordered the standing committee to secure for volunteer companies such arms and ammunition as were not employed in actual service or were not private property.

This memorable meeting was held scarcely four weeks after the battle of Lexington and before the inhabitants of this section of country had been subject to any palpable act of oppression, and while they were involved in actual hostility with the Indians and had been for some time almost on the verge of civil war among themselves. Witness the memorial to Governor John Penn from the inhabitants of Pittsburg, June 14, 1774, imploring better protection against the Indians, and the other memorial of June 25, 1774, in regard to the tyrannical proceedings of Dr. Connolly, the agent of Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, was held at "Hanna's Town" on the same day as the meeting at Pittsburg, at which similar resolutions were passed. Those present, among whom was Arthur St. Clair, were doubtless all Pennsylvanians. Of those at the meeting at Pittsburg, Devereux Smith and John Ormsby, with others, were devoted adherents of the Penns. When Lord Dunmore visited Pitts-

burg he endeavored to win John Ormsby over to his cause; failing in which he found a ready tool in the before-mentioned "villainous doctor," as my ancestor termed him,* whose reward was an immense grant of land at "the Falls of Ohio," on part of which the city of Louisville now stands.

OLIVER ORMSBY PAGE,
Member S. A. R.

PATRIOTISM.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
There is a spot, of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks supremely blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend—
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
Ah! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

It bodes well for the stability and fortune of a nation when the spirit of patriotism predominates; and as we contemplate the magnificent progress of civilization and increasing culture throughout the world, we are impressed with the prevailing sentiment in favor of peace between all nations. Public wars are becoming more repulsive, extreme violence of opinions are subsiding, the people of different countries are beginning to realize and appreciate each other's respective rights and privileges, and justice, system, and order are being restored.

Early history demonstrates that society has ever been on the progressive order, and all the great revolutions of the past have been produced by a failure of existing institutions to keep pace with the advancement of society. The great Charter, the first assembling of Parliament, the Petition of Right, and the great

* The Olden Time, Neville B. Craig, vol. ii, p. 93 et seq.; "Connolly's Plot," by John Ormsby.

measure, the Revolution, are all illustrations of progressive stages in the progress of society.

It has been said that when one raises his voice against things that are, and wishes a change, that he is raising a clamor against existing institutions and the laws of the land, while it may be only against the abuse of them all. The noted Mr. Burke, who was no undervaluer of the wisdom of our ancestors and no friend to popular excitement, has wisely said: "Where there is abuse, there ought to be clamor, for it is better to have our slumber broken by the fire-bell than to perish amidst the flames in our bed." And unless history is deceitful, unless the heroes and martyrs who fought and bled were impostors, the conscientious Pilgrims and the sea-tossed "Mayflower" delusions, there is no cause so bound up with religion as the cause of political liberty and the rights of man.

Our ancestors being oppressed by the tyranny of the English, and justly aroused to mighty indignation, with a determination of independence planted themselves in a then strange, uncultivated, inhospitable country, exposing themselves to all the hardships to which human nature is liable, as well as to the most fearful of savage foes, the Indian. For the sake of liberty, our forefathers met all those hardships heroically, and even with pleasure, compared with what they suffered in their own country at the hands of those who should have been their friends; and our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Such as we are now we have been from the beginning—simple, conscientious, intelligent, abundantly endowed with self-respect, and a corresponding growth of power; and as we contemplate how richly we have been favored by the gifts of Providence, established in all the blessings of civil society, preëminent in arts, the press, religion, and knowledge free, how our hearts overflow with gratitude to the patriots who have handed down to us this great inheritance.

Pride in the descent of brave men and honest women is a natural and praiseworthy feeling and not allied to that of belonging to a superior class of beings. The privilege of being American citizens is the same, whether the ancestor figured as the most distinguished general or the humblest private in the ranks; and it is with purely the spirit of patriotism that the

Sons and Daughters of the Revolution are rescuing from neglect and oblivion the time-worn documents in which are registered the fireside tales of the sufferings, sacrifices, endurance, and devotion of the heroic men and women of '76 as they labored side by side in the great cause of liberty, that they may be properly recorded and added to the history of America.

And from the example of our forefathers may we, endowed with similar principles and virtues, aspire to the performance of an honored part on "life's illustrious stage." We may claim noble ancestors; they may realize renowned descendants.

Then, as the spirit of patriotism is becoming more manifest, and as intelligence and reciprocal good-will are binding the continents more closely together, may public spirit and love of country resound from heart to heart.

N. D. N.

ETHAN ALLEN.

PAUSING for a moment in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, and looking at the statues of men considered great enough by the several States to be placed in that Temple of Fame, I was struck with the size (which seemed to dwarf those around it) of the statue of the subject of this sketch. Naturally the thought arose in my mind, "Who was Ethan Allen? What had he done that he should be placed here as representing all that was noblest among the men of Vermont?" There had been many leaders of the patriots of the Revolution, and among them Ethan Allen bore comparatively a secondary part. When a youth I had read in my text-books of the surrender of Ticonderoga "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress;" but why place him here, amid the "salt of the earth," when Greene, Lincoln, Gates, Putnam, Mercer, Marion, and a host of other Revolutionary heroes were omitted? This led me to an investigation of his life and character, and what I discovered will be herein briefly set forth:

Ethan Allen was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1737, and but little is known of his early history. In 1772 he emigrated to Bennington, Vermont, and it is from this time on that we begin to hear of him as the fearless leader of the boys

of the Green Mountain State. There were difficulties between New York and New Hampshire as to which owned the vast body of land known then as the New Hampshire grants, for the Governors of these two Colonies had each sold patents for the same lands to different parties. Litigation followed; the cause was tried in the court held at Albany, and judgment was given in favor of the New York patents, most of which had been sold to speculators. These parties endeavored to force the settlers (the New Hampshire grantees) into rebuying their lands, or, failing in this, attempted to eject them as trespassers. It was during this controversy that Ethan Allen became known as the leader of the "settler" party. When New York purchasers sent surveyors down to Vermont the settlers drove them out, warning them not to return, and they laid a hundred lashes with beech rods on the back of a justice of the peace named Hough and drove him from the "grant" for petitioning the Legislature of New York to declare Allen and his adherents outlaws. Allen and his followers were denounced as felons, and a reward of twenty pounds offered for their apprehension, which was afterwards increased, in the case of Allen, to one hundred pounds. This, however, had no effect on Allen, nor had the further sentence, decreeing that upon apprehension he should "be put to death, as other felons, without benefit of clergy." Allen laughed at all this, saying, "How will the fools manage to hang a Green Mountain boy before they catch him?"

Several years were taken up in this controversy, and matters had become serious and were approaching a crisis when events of greater moment were sprung upon the Colonies and a common cause once more reunited the people against a common enemy. The smaller quarrel was overshadowed and eclipsed by a greater one. Oppression and tyranny on the one hand and armed resistance to it on the other were now the topic of the hour. At length the news of the battle of Lexington announced that the storm of revolution had burst, and Vermont, now recognized as an independent government, boldly marched to the front in the contest for liberty, with Ethan Allen as her standard-bearer.

Within a week from the date of the battle of Lexington a

plan was formulated and set on foot for the capture of Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point and the seizure of its cannon for the use of the Provincial Army at Boston. A thousand dollars was loaned from the treasury of the Colony and a committee went through the frontier towns raising men for the project. Colonel Easton brought fifty men to Bennington, and Ethan Allen, at the head of his Green Mountain boys, joined them here. From Bennington the combined force moved to Castle-ton, which was reached on the evening of May 7. A council of war was held at this place; Ethan Allen was chosen as commander, and "James Easton and Seth Warner second and third in command." The force, now consisting of over two hundred men, was marched to Shoreham, on the bank of the lake opposite Fort Ticonderoga. Here were encountered the first difficulties, there being but few boats to be had, and when morning broke only eighty-three men had been carried across. What was to be done? If the fort were to be taken at all it must be surprised before daylight; so Allen resolved to march upon the fort with the force then landed and not wait for the rear guard to cross. First making a short speech to his command, in which he told them they had come forth to fight in liberty's cause, and offering any who were unwilling to go forward a chance to retire (to which no one responded), he ordered an advance, and in silence the little band marched up the heights to the fort. They passed the sentinels, one of whom wounded an officer slightly in the head, and soon were inside the fort, where, after forming, they gave vent to loud huzzahs! The surprise was complete. The garrison were asleep, and as they started up from their slumbers were made prisoners, while Allen, mounting the steps to the room of Captain Delaplace, commanded him in stentorian tones to surrender or the garrison would be sacrificed.

"By what authority do you presume to make such a demand?" asked the commandant.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," thundered Allen.

Captain Delaplace attempted to reply, but his speech was cut short by Allen, who, with uplifted sword, reiterated the demand for immediate surrender, and Delaplace, seeing no hope in fur-

ther parley, ordered his men to parade without arms and surrendered the garrison, while Allen and his Green Mountain boys took possession of the captured fort. By this important capture an immense quantity of cannon, small arms, ammunition, and stores was secured for the use of the Provincial Army.

A few days after this capture Allen sent Captain Warner with a detachment of men to Crown Point to demand the surrender of that post. Captain Baker, then on his way to Ticonderoga, reached Crown Point just in time to assist Warner in taking possession.

Shortly before Allen set out for Ticonderoga the Colony of Massachusetts had commissioned Benedict Arnold to raise a body of men for the same purpose. Upon his arrival at Bennington, finding Allen in charge of an organized body of men whose avowed object was the taking of the fort, he attempted to assume command under his Massachusetts commission, but the Green Mountain boys would not submit to see Allen supplanted, and Arnold yielded to the majority and marched with the body as a volunteer, and stood at Allen's side when he demanded the surrender of the fort. After the surrender, however, he again endeavored to take the command, but the men would not obey his orders, and he was again obliged to yield to Allen as the ranking officer.

Ethan Allen, not content with lying idle at Ticonderoga, and full of enthusiasm for the cause of liberty, now entered into a scheme with Benedict Arnold for the seizure of the garrison at St. Johns and the capture of an armed vessel that lay there. The vessel was captured, but reinforcements arrived from Montreal and Allen was driven back to his boats. He remained after this at Ticonderoga as commandant, while Arnold held Crown Point. Allen's active mind continually led him into planning new adventures for the success of the patriot cause, and he addressed, in June, 1775, a long letter to the Continental Congress, asking permission to take two or three thousand men and invade Canada, confidently asserting his power to take this province, closing the letter with the statement that with fifteen hundred men he could take Montreal. This letter met with but little favor, however, as the Congress had already discountenanced any invasion of Canada. Three months later an ex-

pedition was sent into Canada, where, however, alarmed at the tone of Ethan Allen's letter to Congress, the British were prepared for them, and the expedition met with disaster; but had they followed Allen's advice at the time it was given there is little doubt that the invasion would have been successful.

Colonel Hinman, with a regiment of Connecticut troops, now arrived at Ticonderoga and relieved Ethan Allen from his command, and the majority of his men returned to their homes, their time having expired, while Allen, in company with Major Seth Warner, went to the Continental Congress to procure pay for the soldiers who had served under them. They succeeded in getting the money, and, at the same time, they were granted permission to raise a new regiment in the New Hampshire grants. Through some cause not explained, Ethan Allen did not become connected with this regiment, and shortly afterwards joined General Schuyler as a volunteer, and that officer sent him on a mission to Canada to ascertain the temper of the Canadians on the question of uniting with the Colonies in throwing off their allegiance to British rule and achieving independence for themselves. He bore an address from General Schuyler, then at Isle aux Noix, to the people of Canada, which was intended to convince them that the invasion was not against the rights of Canadian citizens, but against British tyranny exclusively. Ethan Allen was eight days on this journey, during which he found many adherents to the patriot cause, and the citizens furnished him with an armed escort on this dangerous mission. However, he failed utterly in arousing sufficient enthusiasm among the Canadians, and returned to General Schuyler's army at Isle aux Noix. From here he was sent back to raise a regiment of Canadians, if possible, with which to reinforce General Montgomery (in command of the Canada Expedition), who was then besieging the garrison at St. Johns. A week afterwards he wrote to General Montgomery, saying he had raised a force of one hundred and fifty men, and in a few days would have five hundred men with which to join him. On his way to join Montgomery, however, he fell in with Major Brown, who was in command of an advance party of Americans and Canadians. Brown represented Montreal as being in a defenseless condition, and induced Allen to enter into a scheme to

take that city by surprise, and a plan was formulated by which a simultaneous attack was to be made by the two parties at opposite points. Allen crossed the river on the night of September 24, and waited for dawn to break. He had a force of but thirty Americans and eighty Canadians. Brown did not appear, and Allen conceived the mad attempt of taking the city, and actually made the assault. Naturally he found the task of taking a city a vastly different matter from the surprise of Ticonderoga. His force was speedily dispersed and he was taken prisoner. This rash act showed that the regiment which Warner and he had raised by authority of the Continental Congress had acted wisely in choosing Warner as their leader, for his impatience of control had deprived the Colonies of his really valuable services and inflicted upon himself great discomfort. To be a prisoner of war in those days was no slight matter. After being captured he was conducted to the presence of Colonel Prescott, in Montreal. "Are you the Allen that surprised Ticonderoga?" asked Prescott. "I am," said Allen. Then Prescott burst into a passion and threatened him with the halter at Tyburn, and ordered him sent, bound hand and foot, on board the British sloop-of-war "Gaspee." In reply to a letter from Allen asking to be treated as a prisoner of war, Prescott's only reply was a continuation of the brutality meted out to the worst of criminals. During several months he was transferred from one vessel to another, where he was treated with either cruelty or kindness, according to the disposition of the commanding officer, and at length was taken to England, where he was looked upon with a great degree of interest. The fame of his capture of Ticonderoga had preceded him, and many came to visit the distinguished prisoner. Though a prisoner, he never ceased to advocate the claims of the Colonies or to grow eloquent upon the themes of their wrongs and the cause of liberty.

He was afterwards sent to Halifax, from there to Long Island, and finally to New York, where he was placed in custody of the infamous Cunningham, who crowded his prisoners so that they had to turn in bed by platoons at the word of command. He was finally exchanged for a British colonel and released after a confinement of two years and seven months. After his release, broken down in health and spirits, he started toward his Green

Mountain home, reporting to Washington at Valley Forge on his way. His welcome home was an ovation—cannons were fired in his honor and demonstrations of joy were universal. Congress voted him a commission as brevet colonel in the Patriot Army and gave him the pay of that rank during the time he was a prisoner. At the next general election he was chosen a member of the Vermont State Legislature, and at the close of the war he devoted his attention to agriculture, and died in 1789 from a stroke of apoplexy. Glazier, in "Heroes of Three Wars," in speaking of Ethan Allen, says:

We are not given an account of the closing chapters in the life of this disciple of liberty, but his example while living is radiant with the glow of heroism. "Few have suffered more in the cause of freedom; few have borne their sufferings with a firmer constancy or a loftier spirit." He went forward fearlessly in the cause of right, through whatever dangers threatened, with a sublime courage which compels our deepest admiration. His personal presence was commanding in the extreme, and he carried about him a consciousness of nobility, a kind of high-born pride in his own worth and character, which embodied the highest form of self-respect. His figure, when arrayed in the Continental dress of the times, showed to excellent advantage, and with his armor buckled on and his sword clanking at his heels he looked every inch the commander. Vermont owes more to the clear, powerful brain and strong right arm of Ethan Allen for the foundation of her State in liberty and equity than to any other man or to any other one influence. Such names as his well deserve the lasting remembrance which a grateful posterity accords them.

E. J. RUSSELL.

THE HUGUENOT IN THE REVOLUTION.

NANTES AND TRENTON HARBINGERS OF FREEDOM TO A
STRUGGLING WORLD.

THE theory of mediæval Europe was intolerance; of modern Europe, toleration; and this last in great part owes its origin to the courage, ingenuity, patience, and wisdom of the Huguenots.

Not to Switzerland or Germany belongs the honor of having been first to sound the earliest tocsin of civil and religious freedom. It was the voice of the heroic Le Fevre, of Etoples, France, which three centuries ago gave the signal of the rising of this morning star of liberty. Civil and religious liberty are branches of the same stem, and Nantes and Trenton, the edict

and the battle, are two great epochs which emanated from that long-sustained contest for the rights of individual freedom. In their system, for the first time, liberty and law were firmly interlocked, and from their blood America received her Faneuil, her Bowdoin, her Laurens, her Jay, and her Marion.

A little over sixty years ago to-day, in the neighborhood of Freehold, there expired one of the brightest lights of the Revolution, and that light, Philip Franeau, the Huguenot poet, the friend and associate of James Madison, a hero of that battle we this day commemorate. As a poet, Franeau was brilliant and vivacious; his voice was that of a clarion thrilling above the blasts of a storm, stirring and rousing the flagging energies of the people. Like a meteor he burst into notice with a blaze of light which had rarely glared upon the world before, and held aloft the cause of freedom as none have held it since. His poetry and sayings constituted the watchwords of the times, exhilarating the brave and kindling in the breast of the weak and the abject a heart and courage to dare all things in the cause of human freedom. In 1780 he was made prisoner and went through the horrors of the British prison-ship.

Well do we all know of the services of General Elias Boudinot, the tenth President of the Continental Congress, who on the breaking out of the war attached himself devotedly to the cause and thus remained, holding many honorable and important positions on Washington's staff. He was one of the convention in 1774 which took the control of the Government out of the hands of Governor Franklin. He was appointed by Congress commissary-general of prisoners, and executed well and loyally the duties intrusted to him.

Precluded by his commission from active field service, his assistance was not less great than was that of those who were brought hand to hand in the conflict with our enemies. The honored councilor of Washington, trusted by his friends and by the world revered, brightly he shone among the illustrious characters of the times. His younger brother, Elisha, was also a tried patriot. While secretary of the Committee of Safety, at which time a reward was offered by the British for his head, his house was raided by the Hessians, and the family portraits to this day bear the marks of their bayonet thrusts.

Another illustrious Huguenot character from the State was John Gano, the hero of Chatterton Hill. Born in Hopewell, New Jersey, in 1727, he was reared to the ministry and entered the ranks of the Federal Army as a surgeon. At Chatterton Hill, on the successful attempt of the British to cross the Bronx, Gano, though acting as a surgeon at the time, found himself at the front and in the very thickest of the fray. Determined not to dampen the ardor of the soldiers or incur the imputation of cowardice by withdrawing to the rear, he maintained his position, fighting as the rest under a heavy fire. He was with Washington in his Jersey campaign, but remained only six weeks, since he had accepted, on the solicitation of his friend, Colonel Du Bois, the office of chaplain to General Clinton's New York Brigade, then stationed at Fort Montgomery. He accompanied General Sullivan on his voyage down the Susquehanna, of which expedition he has left a very graphic description. At the close of the war he returned to his flock, but he found it very much reduced and widely scattered. But prosperity follows upon the footsteps of the faithful, and success again crowned his efforts.

Though of a different class the services and less distinguished, I must not fail to mention the Ryerson family, which has given many worthy citizens to the State. Thomas Ryerson made for himself a most enviable career in the war. He entered as ensign in Captain Brearley's Company, Second Battalion, First Establishment, on November 20, 1775. In July of the following year he became second lieutenant in Captain Scott's Company, and in November he was transferred to Captain Shute's Company, Second Battalion, Second Establishment, shortly after which he was made a prisoner of war in a skirmish and returned February 5 of the following year. There were three other commissioned officers belonging to this family in New Jersey's quota of troops placed at the disposition of the Confederation, besides four privates.

The "New York Journal" of February 9, 1775, defines a Tory as a "thing whose head is in England and its body in America, with a neck that ought to be stretched." I regret to say that there were two such among the Huguenots of the State, but I am happy to say that there were only two; and

when I compare this moiety of them with the great number, both Dutch and Puritan, who went over to the British, I cannot but rejoice.

In conclusion I would wish to speak of the services of one who was the ancestor of the originator of this Society, Captain Sheppard Kollock, founder of the "New Jersey Journal," which was the official medium of Washington. Captain Kollock was an artillery officer of great distinction, figuring conspicuously in every conflict in which his company participated. He aided in placing the chain across the Hudson at West Point, and on that memorable Christmas night, 1776, when Washington crossed the Delaware and pushed his way over the slippery, sleety roads toward Trenton, Captain Kollock was in command of a company of artillery, which was one of the most active of the little army. Too much praise cannot be given either to its officers or its soldiers. By their active and spirited behavior they soon put an honorable issue to that day. On the evacuation of New York, at the personal request of Washington, Captain Kollock established a loyal paper in that city, which became the official organ of the cause of American Independence. With the assistance of his friend, General Henry Knox, he planned and brought into existence the Society of the Cincinnati. Feeling heavily the burden incident to the publishing of the two papers, one in New York and one in New Jersey, he gave up the former and retired to Elizabeth, where he continued to edit the "New Jersey Journal." Such was the life of Captain Kollock, replete with usefulness and energy. It may almost be considered a typical life of the Huguenot—a life in which courage is blended with energy, ingenuity with loyalty to the cause of human freedom, and magnanimity with a lofty intelligence. Thus they live and thus they work, objects of emulation to all. They had fought years before in the cause of liberty in France; their Trenton had been the edict of Nantes, each a victory and each equally great.

In contemplating the lives of these unselfish patriots I am led to recall the lines written in an old cemetery of your city, over the grave of another Huguenot officer of the Revolution, John Foucheraud Grimke: "He was firm, yet liberal; singularly punctual and just; as a companion, cheerful, intelli-

gent, and polished; as a son, tender; as a husband and father, provident and affectionate; as a Christian, diligent, fervent, and modest. Humble and resigned in spirit, he lived as knowing there is a time to die."

GOODWIFE WAITE'S STORY.

The following story was written for the "Springfield Republican" by Sarah B. Thayer. While the writer carefully relates the historical facts as they occurred, she yet charmingly weaves them into a story which makes the characters seem very real to us, though separated by an interval of more than two centuries.

Goodwife Waite was one of those true heroines of the colonial times whom we desire to hold in remembrance, especially as we personally esteem it an honor to trace direct descent from her.

With a desire that others may enjoy the recital, we have requested its republication in these pages.

C. MARIA SHEPARD,
Secretary of Bristol Chapter.

Forth from a dim and far-away past comes the shadowy presence of Goodwife Waite. She lived long ago, in those woful days that tried men's souls, when men had need to be strong and brave, and women full of courage and patient endurance. She left behind no tangible token to serve as a link between us of to-day and that eventful past of which we know so little and would fain know so much. No piece of furniture or faded sampler, no bit of lace or ancient embroidery, can be found among her numerous descendants. But we scarce need such reminders, as the brief and touching record concerning her, as quoted from our local historian, gives the outlines of her sad and eventful experience:

Among the captives were Goodwife Waite and her three children, Martha, Mary, and Sarah. Another child, named Canada, was born to her in captivity. She, with others of her friends and neighbors, were taken, a forlorn and sorrowful company, to Sorel, Canada. Efforts to rescue them were immediately made. Benjamin Waite and his neighbor, Stephen Jennings, whose wife and two children were among the captives, obtaining a commission from the Governor of Massachusetts, proceeded by the way of Albany and Lake George to Chamblor, Canada, arriving there late in December. By the payment of £200 ransom the captives that survived were all collected in one place. They reached Albany the coming spring, May 22, 1678. From Albany, Benjamin Waite sent the following letter to Hatfield:

To my loving friends and kindred at Hatfield:

These few lines are to let you understand that we are arrived at Albany with the captives, and we now stand in need of assistance, for my charges

are very great and heavy ; and therefore any that have any love to our condition, let it move them to come and help us in this strait. Three of the captives are murdered—old Goodman Plymton, Samuel Foot's daughter, and Samuel Russell. All the rest are alive and well and now in Albany. I pray you hasten the matter, for it requireth great haste. Stay not for the Sabbath, nor shoeing of horses. We shall endeavor to meet you at Kinderhook ; it may be at Housatonic. We must come very softly because of our wives and children. I pray you hasten them ; stay not night nor day, for the matter requireth haste. Bring provisions with you for me.

Your loving kinsman,

BENJAMIN WAITE.

At Albany, written from mine own hand. As I have been affected to yours, all that were fatherless, be affected to me now, and hasten the matter, and stay not, and ease me of my charges. You shall not need to be afraid of any enemies.

This touching epistle produced the desired effect, as men and horses met the captives at Kinderhook. Of the almost triumphal procession home, the reuniting of sundered families, the tearful memories of the dead, mingling with the joy of the saved—all this must be left for the imagination to paint.

The historian still farther adds :

Taken in connection with the rescue of the captives by that heroic old Indian fighter, Benjamin Waite, makes this one of the most thrilling stories of that early period.

If there was a hero par excellence in the Connecticut valley in that first period, it was Benjamin Waite, who was at last killed by the Indians in the famous Meadow fight at Deerfield, in 1704. The Indians knew and feared him. He was a scout and guide with Captain Turner, in the two days Falls fight, the year before his family were taken captive, and it was a refinement of the Indians' revenge to go out of their way to burn his buildings, take his young wife and three little girls into captivity and leave him desolate.

The attack on the town of Hatfield, the home of Goodwife Waite, was made September 19, 1677, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, by less than fifty Indians, who had, previous to this war of 1666-'7, lived in the near vicinity of the fair Hatfield and Northampton plantations, on friendly terms with the inhabitants.

To add one word of mine to the above simple story may appear like "gilding refined gold or painting the lily ;" but in this brief, concise statement one reads so much between the lines, and it seems fitting that the writer, whose home is on the exact site of Benjamin Waite's burned house and barn, should attempt to give another interpretation of the same narrative.

I often think of Goodwife Waite as I stand in my door on sunny mornings watching the silent flow of the "ye great River Quannaticut," a few rods from my home. Goodwife Waite, from her guarded windows, looked abroad over the same fair prospect, the shining river and the wooded slopes of Mount Warner on the opposite shore. But her troubled

eyes noted not the loveliness of earth and sky. She sought only for signs of a terrible enemy that might at any hour be lurking nigh. Were I a believer in spirits, gentle and pure as a heroine must be after her severe earthly discipline, I should affirm that she sometimes walks with me in summer twilights, as I linger in my garden, breathing in the fragrance of pinks and mignonette; and could she voice her thought, it would be to congratulate me on living in better days, with none to molest and make afraid.

The Waites were in no manner isolated. The Kings, Fields, Jenningses, and Braceys were their near neighbors. Mr. Kellogg, whose wife and child were killed and buildings burned on that "day of woe," lived farther down the street, on the spot where now stands the beautiful village academy, founded, as was also Smith College in Northampton, by a direct descendant of Canada Waite, the child born under such adverse circumstances in distant Sorel.

Canada Waite, in after years, married Joseph Smith, whose father, John Smith, was killed by the Indians in the Hatfield Meadow fight, in 1676, and of him Mather writes:

Among the slain that day was a precious young man named Smith, leaving behind a family of young children. That place (Hadley) has lost many in losing that one man. It speaketh sadly to the rising generation when such are called away.

There were no sewing societies in those far-away days, where a woman might free her mind and relate her adventures; neither were there summer schools or literary circles, where one like Goodwife Waite, of "most excellent parts" and "goodlie speech," might read a paper to thrill and hold spellbound her audience. It was a shame for a woman to speak in public. But Goodwife Waite had a woman's tongue in her head, and I am certain that she had plenty of auditors in her lowly home, after its rebuilding, where with little Canada on her knee she often rehearsed her story to her neighbors, after the following fashion:

THE STORY.

I was out in the yard with my children on that dreadful morning, looking up and down the river and into the woods for signs of the foe. Although my husband, to put at naught my fears, had told me that the war was over, and that we need have no fear of sudden invasion—in spite of this assurance, I was filled with a vague sense of terror and alarm that I could not shake off. I kept the children near me, as I gathered the last fruits from our neglected clearing.

While thus employed, the children playing and gathering flowers from the edge of the wood, I heard the sound of firearms farther down the street, and immediately the dreadful war-whoop; and while I caught up my children and ran toward the house I saw a band of Indians coming directly up the road, murdering and burning everything before them.

I expected no mercy, for Goodman Waite had always been a valiant Indian fighter; so I gathered my babies to my arms, lifted my heart to God, and gave my children back to him. But of a mercy our lives were spared. We were put under guard, along with many of my neighbors, as you know, and I saw my home given over to the flames and all my pleasant places laid waste. I thought of the pleasant land I might never see again, of the goodly river mine eyes might never more behold. But most of all I thought of my husband, desolate and despairing, as we turned our backs on our burning homes and murdered neighbors and passed up Deerfield Lane, over the hills, and commenced our fearful journey northward.

We marched to Deerfield that same day, where a few people were preparing to rebuild their houses; of these the Indians killed one and captured four. The next day we crossed the river and stopped a few miles above Squawkeag, where the Indians built a long wigwam and remained three weeks. During this stay the Indians proceeded to Wachusett and brought in about eighty sorrowful women and children.

Some time in October we moved up the river, crossing the country to Lake Champlain, and arrived in Canada in winter weather. The autumn days were often wet and chill, the nights cold and frosty. Our clothing was worn, our poor feet often bare and wounded. I grieved most for the children, who could not be comforted. We marched through thick woods and tangled thickets; we waded icy streams and scaled snowy mountains. We were hungry and cold and desolate. God's ear seemed deaf to our prayers for deliverance.

Mrs. Foot's little child pined and became such a hindrance that it was killed before her eyes, in spite of her agonized entreaties. We comforted the poor stricken mother as best we might, and urged the remaining children to keep up good courage, and helped them over the rough ways as we were permitted. After long and dreadful days we reached Sorel in keen wintry weather. The sad hopeless weeks that followed I do not like to recall. It seems like a bad dream, now that it is overpast.

Suddenly, one day late in December, I stood face to face with my husband. Oh, the joy of that meeting! God had been good. Deliverance had come.

We remained in Canada all the winter. In January my little Canada was born. She is a goodly child, and the Indian women took to her kindly, and in their fashion were good to me. The beautiful spring days came on slowly; but at length, on a fair morning, we turned our backs on the strange land of our captivity, and with my whole family—thank God! none were missing—we commenced our journey homeward.

Of our sojourn in Albany, of the letters written home by my husband and Quentin Stockwell of Deerfield, and of speedy relief being given us, you already know. It was a glad journey from Albany to our home. Our hearts sang for joy as we neared Hatfield. Never had its green meadows seemed fairer than on that pleasant May morning when

we were so joyfully welcomed back to our fair plantation. I am a very grateful woman. Our home is rebuilt, our fields resown. My little girls are strong and well in spite of their fearful hardships. Little Canada thrives. She is a child of much promise. I would that I might know what the future has in store for her. I hope much good, and that she and my other girls may be spared the terrors and fears that have been the portion of so many of us through these dreadful years of anxiety and alarm.

I trust, in any case, whether come days of war or peace, that both we and our children shall be strong to endure, and that, as our minister said last Lord's day, future generations shall call us blessed, and shall rise up to say: "Behold what their hands have wrought."

Goodwife Waite lived her eventful life, and, in touching scripture language, "fell on sleep" two centuries ago; and when she was laid to rest in quiet Hatfield graveyard her friends and neighbors no doubt said of her, "She has come to the end of a troubled life in great peace."

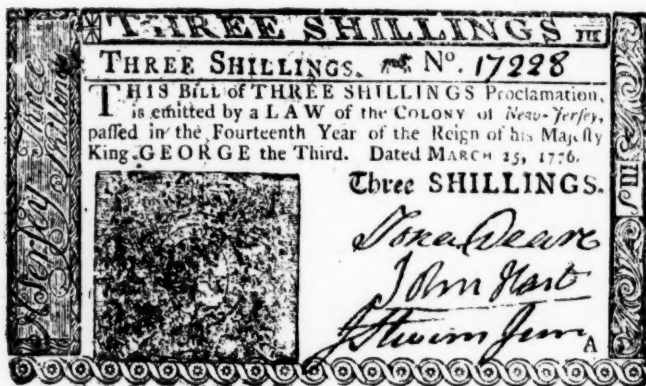
But it was not the end. In spirit and influence she and her valiant husband, and a great host whose names and deeds are unrecorded, who "endured hardness" because of "fightings without and fightings within" to secure to us a goodly heritage, will live forever. To children and children's children Goodwife Waite transmitted her many virtues; and to-day a "noble charity," from which flows a myriad of beneficent streams, and a woman's college nobly endowed, and uplifting to heaven its stately walls from enduring foundations, exist because she "and such as she have lived and died."

CURRENCY NOTES AS TEACHERS OF HISTORY.

NUMEROUS varieties of the old Colonial and Revolutionary bank notes issued by the various American Commonwealths are still abundant and obtainable from collectors and dealers in our larger cities at a cost averaging but a few cents apiece; yet it is not generally known that these same little and apparently worthless bills form most interesting records, both historically and biographically, concerning our Revolutionary period.

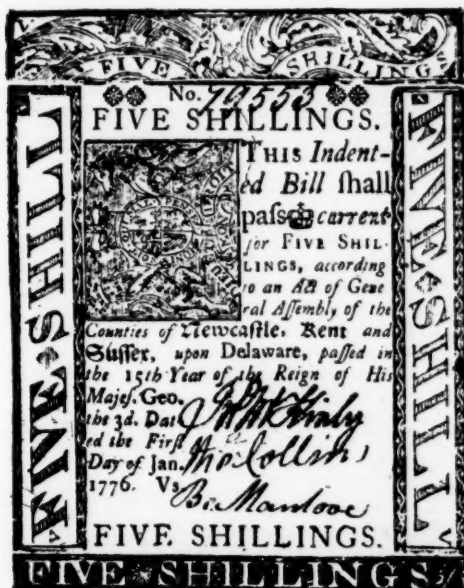
Having minutely examined a batch of these notes purchased years ago at a nominal price and until now laid away and forgotten, my researches revealed some pleasant surprises. Although a large majority of these issues bear the signatures of obscure men, I have found upon three of them the autograph signatures of five characters who took a rather prominent part in the Revolution.

Upon a three-shilling note "emitted by a law of the Colony of New Jersey" dated March 25, 1776, I find the rare signature of John Hart, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia a little more than three months later, and also the autograph of John Stevens, the great inventor, who died in 1838. At the time of signing this note (1776) he was treasurer of New Jersey. His name is here written J. Stevens, Jun., as his father was living at that time.



The handwriting of John McKinly, Thomas Collins (in red ink, so popular in those days), and B. Manlove appear upon an "indented bill" of five shillings issued on the 1st of January, 1776, "according to an act of the General Assembly of the counties of New Castle, Kent, and Sussex upon Delaware." Of Manlove I can find no record, but McKinly and Collins were both subsequently Governors of Delaware. McKinly, an Irishman by birth, was elected governor the following year (1777), and Collins, at the time of penning his name to this piece of currency a brigadier general of Delaware militia, was elected chief executive of the State ten years later.

At the bottom of a Maryland note for two dollars, dated Annapolis, April 10, 1774, is the bold and picturesque handwriting of William Eddis, a prominent Tory settler of the Maryland capital, who in less than two years after this note was put in circulation was summoned to appear before the patriot "Com-

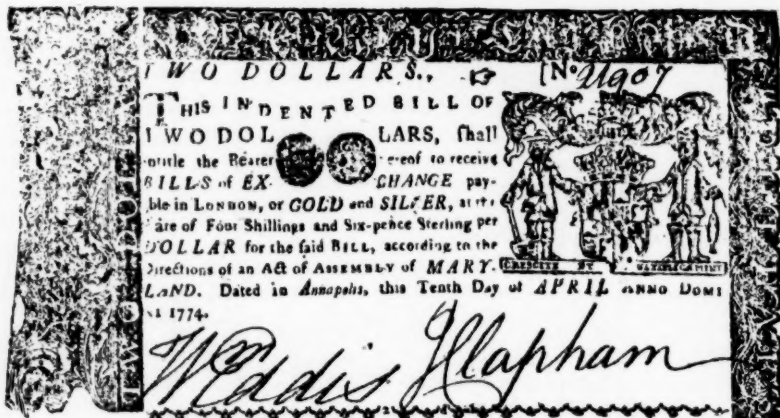


[FRONT.]



[OBVERSE.]

mittee of Observation" and ordered to leave the country. He obeyed, and sailed to England in a British man-of-war.



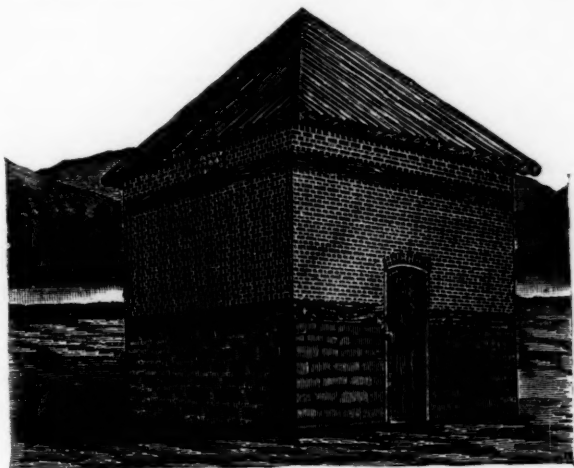
I trust that these few lines may serve to stimulate an interest in the collecting and preservation of such unique and instructive mementos, both official and contemporary, of the infant days of our Republic while they are yet accessible and within the means of all.

ROBERT STOCKWELL HATCHER.

THE OLD REDOUBT OF FORT PITT.

THE site of Pittsburg is historic ground, where was begun the great war between France and England for supremacy in North America in the middle of the last century. Many points of strategy were secured by the French. In April, 1754, Captain Trent's company, under Ensign Ward, was engaged in building a fort at the head of the Ohio. On the 17th Contrecoeur descended the Allegheny with a considerable force of French and Indians and summoned Ward to surrender. Monsieur Contrecoeur finished the work begun by Ward and called it Fort Duquesne, after the then governor of Canada ("The Olden Time"). This fort was destroyed by the French on the

advance of the British, under General Forbes and Colonel Bouquet, in 1758. Fort Pitt was built by General Stanning the same year, a little back of the site of Fort Duquesne. Colonel Bouquet was born in Switzerland, in 1719. After the defeat of General Braddock, July 9, 1755, Bouquet was induced to enter the English service, and came to America with a regiment, arriving in 1756. The ranks of this regiment were to be filled with Protestant German and Swiss settlers, who for the most part were unable to speak the English language; for this reason German and Swiss officers of experience were



THE OLD REDOUBT OF FORT PITT, ERECTED IN 1764.

engaged to command them. This regiment was called the "Royal Americans." After the peace of 1763 between England and France the great Indian war, known as Pontiac's or sometimes Guyasuta's war, broke out, and every frontier fort was attacked by the Indians in a last effort to drive the English from their country. Fort Pitt, then commanded by a Swiss officer, Captain S. Ecuyer, was invested by the Indians for nearly three months (see Bouquet's papers in "Fort Pitt"). Bouquet came west from Philadelphia with a force to relieve the fort, and on August 5 defeated the Indians in the great battle

of Bushy Run. The next year, 1764, while in command here, he built the redoubt as an additional point of defense to Fort Pitt and also as a magazine for small arms. Some time later windows were cut below the loopholes and the building used as a dwelling-house. It is the "last remaining monument of British occupancy in the Ohio Valley. Nothing else remains now of the fort except an underground paved passage to the river. Why this was made we do not know with certainty. A large portion of the ground once occupied by Fort Pitt and Fort Duquesne was bequeathed by General James O'Hara to his daughter, Mary Carson O'Hara, who married, after her father's death, William Croghan, Esq., son of Major William Croghan, of Kentucky. Mrs. Croghan's daughter, Mrs. Schenley, is the generous donor of the Block House to the "Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County."

MARY O'HARA DARLINGTON.

THE RISE OF OUR REPUBLIC.

THERE are determining factors to be considered before arriving at any conclusive view regarding the fundamental principles of nation-making.

First. What manner of men make the keystone of the arch? From the answer to this is evolved the whole story of the formation of nations—their civilizations, their religions, their literature.

There never was a great nation without men of special racial germ qualifications, out of which were evolved a nationality peculiar to itself.

When Cecrops founded Athens, or when Inachus led the first Egyptian colony into Greece, they found there only barbarians, men strangers to civilization; and yet these barbarians were born with not only the gift of the beautiful, but endowed with the germ of a supreme intelligence. When they were brought into contact with the old magnificent monarchies of Asia and became imbued with the love of luxuries unknown to the inhabitants of the bleaker shores of the Peloponnesus, they became enlightened by the contact and rose to be the first nation on the earth in art, science, and philosophy.

Herodotus, Xenophon, and Plutarch have given us the civil history of this people. We know what they were by what they accomplished. Their philosophy, their drama, and their poetry have handed down to us a complete and rounded literature.

The peristyle of the Parthenon, the architecture of halls and temples, have taught lessons of beauty and moral action to the world for two thousand years.

They did what they could by these silent forces to civilize the world by bringing things material into grand and solemn harmony, thereby unifying and uplifting humanity before Christianity, with its subtle power, had spread its civilizing influences over the world.

The same in part is true of the English-speaking race—for centuries barbarism seemed stronger than civilization.

England was the stamping ground for Saxons, Danes, and Celts, and was split into petty kingdoms. The people lived in cabins, dressed in skins, and ate the coarsest food. Society was in one great upheaval, robbery on the highway, and industry at a standstill.

It was after the Saxons came out of the molding hand of Charlemagne, after thirty-three years of conflict, ere they threw aside the garb of barbarism and became civilized. They formed the nucleus of the great German Empire. Charlemagne forced them to become educated and baptized them with the sign of the cross whether they would or no. He recognized that "Christianity, whatever it be, was the mightiest power in the world."

"The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn," and it needs only a few men of God to walk among men to sow the germ of a new civilization. It is in the soul these things exist.

And so, in the course of time, England was peopled in part from Teutonic stock, with men of courage, solid integrity, mental capacity, physical endurance—inheriting the soul germ of freedom, with a sprinkling of the old Norse blood—masters of the rugged sea and lovers of adventure and discovery, remnants of the Roman forum, with the germ life of organization and law mixed with Normandic conventionalities—a race overflowing with gentle amenities, artistic taste, and ethical culture.

Years went by, race lines were defaced, civilization in the evolution marked swift progress. Potentates arose, wielded

sway, and passed off the stage of action. Some, magnanimous and humane, filled with overzeal for humanity, like the great and good Alfred; others, pugnacious, obdurate, overbearing, and cruel, like George III.

The English nation progressed in power and influence, because before the lives of her men had become texts, out of which history was the commentary, there was from the handiwork of God a racial germ from which the nation grew.

In the natural distribution of forces we follow these men over the pathless sea—courageous, brave, nothing daunting—an invisible power sustaining them. Amid the rock-bound coasts of New England and the waving forests and flowery landscapes of Virginia we find a new nation planted in a New World.

Who were these people that had laid the foundation of a new civilization in this New World?

They were Pilgrim refugees—wanderers who had risked perils by sea through a common impulse to escape some form of oppression in the Old World, either of society, state, or church, and for the love of freedom, which is found in the race germ throughout Christendom, they had put the Old World behind them and a stretch of three thousand miles of ocean between them and their oppressors.

They felled the forests and built rude homes on the bleak shores of New England; they encountered privation and starvation on the rivers and bays of Virginia; they buffeted winds and waves on the shores of the Carolinas; they penetrated forests; they built towns, established colonies, and endured all the hardships to which human flesh is heir for the old, old story of Liberty.

The Virginia Company of London, in 1618, granted to Virginia a Great Charter, under which the people of the Colony were allowed a voice in the making of their own laws. This instrument sounded the first tocsin of free government in America. This charter provided for a "Governor;" a "Council of State" chosen by the Committee, and a "General Assembly."

The new Governor, George Yardley, divided the plantations along the James River into eleven districts, calling them boroughs, and issued a proclamation to the citizens of each borough

to elect two of their number to take part in the government of the Colony.

From this organization came the "Virginia House of Burgesses," the first assembly of the people held in the New World.

This threefold government not only reached the other Colonies, but the Government of the United States, with its President, Senate, and House of Representatives, was formulated upon the ideas of the "Great Charter" and blossomed into the Constitution of our country.

During the early years of the Virginia Colony the property of the settlers had been held in common. The people were fed and clothed from a public stock which was under the control of the Governor and Council. Men were obliged to work for the public stock. No division was made of the land, nor could the industrious man profit by his industry. The man of no work fared as well as those who worked hardest. It is not strange that under these economic regulations men neglected their work, and each year found the Colony growing poorer.

Under a provision of the Great Charter the right was given to divide the land into farms, and every man had the right to own and work ground for himself.

When the news reached the Colonists that they were to live under laws of their own making and were to reap the fruit of their own labor, the joy of a new morning dawned upon them. They were men again.

The Pilgrims tried the same plan of a common stock with no better success; but from the time each man received a small acreage of land for his own and was held responsible for the living of his own family there was no more suffering in Plymouth.

This little Colony in eight years had passed the hardest of its trials and gave a helping hand to the Puritans, teaching them the way out of their troubles.

The place of the Massachusetts Company's meetings was changed from London to its new Colony in America, thereby giving the Colonists the right to govern themselves. When this change was made known in England emigration took a fresh start. In ten years the population had increased twenty thousand. The germ of civilization had taken root and spread along the Atlantic coast, until thirteen Colonies were organized.

We have not space to tell of the French and Indian wars that swept over the Colonies, but when England began to assert her rights the Colonies were her steadfast allies.

Little did they think at the close of those conflicts, when there was a promise of long peace and prosperity, that trouble would soon arise between them and the Mother Country. Common dangers and perils mutually shared make strong attachments. The Colonists had fought beside British regulars, and sometimes held the ground when the regulars had run away—but all were Englishmen. A warm and tender attachment had been kindled toward the country from which their ancestors came. If a wise policy had been pursued by the British Government toward the Colonies, this attachment would have grown stronger with the years and deepened into permanency.

At the close of the French war there were three forms of government in America: "Royal," "Charter," and "Proprietary."

The Royal Colonies were New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Their Governors were appointed by the King.

The Charter Colonies were Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. They had charters from the King which gave the Colonists power to elect their own officers and govern themselves.

The Proprietary Colonies were Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. These were given by the King to proprietors or owners, who formed governments in them. The proprietors appointed the Governors. All of them acknowledged the same King and were parts of the British Empire.

In nearly all the Colonies the people had no voice in choosing their Governor or the Upper House of the Legislature. A conflict of opinion was therefore almost continual between the Governors and the representatives of the people.

Negro slavery was imposed upon them by English merchants. They were forced to buy foreign products from England alone, and all they had to sell must be sent to England. Foreign ships were not allowed to enter a port in the Colonies. Laws were made almost prohibiting the manufacture of goods by the Colonists that were made in England. Certain manufactures were forbidden to be sent from one Colony to another.

It is readily seen how these short-sighted and arbitrary restrictions paralyzed colonial thrift and bred discontent.

What was the condition of the Colonies? After being racked with war and tumult, in the intervals of peace this sturdy, hopeful people would return to the waste places and begin anew the struggle of life.

In the Northern Colonies their villages were devastated and ruined; but it made no difference to them whether the humble cabin was their home, whether desolate skies were over them or the tracery of frost painted the landscape, if liberty and the free worship of God encircled the lintel-posts. What was the wilderness, with all its privations; what were snow-bound winters, full of discomforts; what the treachery of the red man, compared with freedom against despotism!

We have found that it is not alone surroundings or environment that made the sturdy, industrious, steadfast men of the Colonies. If so, the red man that roamed these forests four hundred years ago—drinking in the inspiration of mountains, rivers, valleys, and sea—would have arrived at a higher civilization than these children of adversity, who sought an asylum on these shores, because of longer possession.

The red man first unfolded the pages of this continent and put upon it his bookmark. He led the way by having pre-empted its rocks and hills, its rivers and lakes, its forests and plains—and lived the life of his day. Nevertheless, with all his environments, he was a savage.

There were transcendent race germs which formed the unique development of Anglo-Saxon sturdihood which persecution could not quench or tyrants subdue. This inherited condition, with the environments of freedom of thought, action, and belief, and the boundless expanse of land and sea, took off the fetters of the soul and made men free.

One of the leading causes that led up to the Revolution was the inherited character of the Colonists. Their conflict with the Indians and French had shown them that they were fully able to defend their country and their homes.

When England insisted upon the right of arbitrary government the Colonies resisted, but the immediate cause of a revolt was the numerous acts of Parliament destructive of colonial liberty.

The enforcement of the unjust Navigation Law was the first; then followed their asserted right to tax the Colonies.

Heretofore the Colonies had taxed themselves through their assemblies. The King's governors had only named the amount wanted, as the people of Great Britain had taxed themselves through their Parliament.

There is an unwritten law, as well as a written law, that no person can be taxed without representation. The Colonists had no representation in Parliament. Upon this question they quarreled for twelve years, until force was used by Great Britain. Then came the Revolution.

In the spring of 1765 the Stamp Act passed Parliament, and when the news reached the Colonies the hum of resistance was heard in every town and hamlet, while muffled bells in Philadelphia and Boston rung the dirge of Liberty dead.

Associations called "Sons of Liberty" were speedily organized. James Otis, of Massachusetts, and Patrick Henry, of Virginia, fought battles against the act by their eloquence. The "Stamp Act Congress," the first move in the direction of united action, met in New York October 7, 1765. We no longer hear of provincials to distinguish them from the British, but all are Americans. The Colonies were no longer separate peoples. This Congress had no power to make laws, but it declared a Declaration of Rights and sent petitions to the King and Parliament to have them respected. Pitt and other friends in Parliament urged its repeal, which was done; but, after this, advantage was taken of Pitt's illness and laws more obnoxious followed.

One was commercial taxation, out of which was evolved the "Boston Tea Party." Then followed the Boston Port Bill, which closed the port of Boston harbor. Then the Massachusetts Bill, changing its charter so as to take away the government from the people and giving it to the King's agents. This act immediately bound the Colonies together, each not knowing when their turn would come. Then, again, was the Transportation Act, which ordered all Americans who committed crime through resistance to be carried to England for trial. The next was the Quebec Act, making all of the country north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi a part of Canada! Parliament was to enforce these acts by standing armies in America.

Excitement ran high and a Continental Congress was demanded by the people. Every Colony sent delegates but Georgia; her people were in sympathy with the movement, but the Governor made no appointments.

At this point the Royal Governor of Virginia dissolved the House of Burgesses. The members immediately resolved themselves into a committee and formed an association and passed resolutions declaring that the interest of ONE COLONY WAS THE INTEREST OF ALL, and advised a local "*Committee of Correspondence*" to consult with the other Colonies on the expediency of a General Congress.

The First Continental Congress met in Philadelphia September 5, 1774, and declared if force was used against Massachusetts all the other Colonies would use force to help her.

Before adjournment a resolution was adopted recommending the suspension of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain until the wrongs against the Colonies should be redressed.

Parliament answered immediately by ordering General Gage to reduce the Colonies by force, and a fleet with ten thousand soldiers was sent to America.

A "Committee of Safety" was organized in New England, and similar committees were formed throughout the Colonies. They were to collect supplies, guns, ammunition, and to look out for the welfare of the Colonists.

The attack on Lexington and Concord was the beginning of the war, and with this battle began the rise of our Republic.

The Second Continental Congress met in Philadelphia May 10, 1775. The first Congress was to pass resolutions; the second to pass laws. The forces around Boston had been formed into a Continental Army, with Washington as Commander.

Up to this time the war was between the British Parliament and the American Congress, and George III was their King; many do not comprehend that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought under these conditions; but when it was found that the King sided with Parliameht, Congress declared war against the King.

Congress continued in session, waiting events, and, acting under their delegated powers, proceeded to prepare for the general defense.

In May, 1776, Washington wrote from the head of the Army:

When I took command of the Army I abhorred the idea of Independence, but I am now fully satisfied that nothing else will save us.

On the 7th of June Richard Henry Lee, a delegate from Virginia, offered the resolution in Congress declaring "that the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is and ought to be dissolved."

After long debate Lee's resolution was postponed until July 1. In the meantime a committee of five members was appointed to prepare and elaborate a formal declaration. This special work was allotted to Jefferson and Adams, Lee being ill.

On the 1st day of July the resolution was adopted. On the 3d the declaration was debated, and debate continued until the next day, and at two o'clock on that memorable Fourth of July the Declaration of American Independence was unanimously adopted.

The old bellman in the State House had stood at his post during all these days ready to ring out the first sound of freedom to the Nation. The days passed; the hours went by; the patriot lost heart, saying, "They will never do it; they will never do it." Just then a boy, who had been waiting for the signal below, called at the top of his voice, "Ring! Ring!" and the old bell rang its new song of freedom as it had never rung before, and the multitude took up the glad tidings and shouted them afar. The United Colonies were from this hour the United States.

MARY S. LOCKWOOD.



WHAT WE ARE DOING.

ADDRESS,

READ BEFORE THE GASPEE CHAPTER, D. A. R., APRIL 19, 1894.

THE recent Continental Congress in Washington called the attention of the country to our new patriotic order. Many inquiries are made as to the origin and purpose of the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution which it may be well to answer briefly. The women's society is an outgrowth of the Sons of the Revolution, whose exclusion of women from their society roused the patriotic ardor of Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, who, in the "Washington Post" of July 13, 1890, wrote a letter giving an account of Hannah Arnett and her patriotic acts during the darkest days of the Revolution. In reply to this a letter was published a week later from William O. McDowell, of New Jersey, the great-grandson of Hannah Arnett, calling on the women to form a society of their own, since they had been excluded from the society of the Sons of the American Revolution at a meeting held in Louisville, Kentucky, April 30, 1890.

Four Washington women answered the call, and a meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Louise Walcott Knowlton Brown, to which descendants of famous patriots were invited; among whom were Miss Meikleham, a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and Miss Washington, a great-granddaughter of Colonel Samuel Washington, the brother of General Washington, and others whose ancestors had borne a great part in the War of Independence. Being notified of this letter and asked for advice, Mr. McDowell drew up a constitution based upon that of the Sons of the Revolution, and a number of application blanks were printed; and at another meeting at the rooms of Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, at the Langham Hotel, the Society made a beginning by choosing Mrs. Walworth secretary, Miss Washington registrar, and requesting Mrs. Levi P. Morton to act as treasurer, while a board of managers was elected.

Mrs. Walworth, Miss Washington, and Miss Desha (one of the board of managers) went immediately to work, and letters were written to various States to secure help in the cause, which was promptly offered. A meeting was held on October 11, 1890, the anniversary of the discovery of America, with Mr. McDowell as presiding officer; but after full organization Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the Chief Executive, was elected President General of the Society. Miss Desha suggested the design of the seal, which represents a woman spinning at a wheel, with an arch of thirteen stars over her head. The inscription which encircles the seal reads: "Daughters of the American Revolution, 1776. Home and Country, 1890."

Such, briefly, is the origin of a society which has spread rapidly over the country until it now has ninety-two chapters and a roll-call of 4,710 members, of whom 1,962 have been added within one year. Of these, Connecticut furnishes the largest number, as she has organized nineteen chapters and furnishes four hundred and eighty-five members.

Various dissensions about qualifications for membership, and also in regard to the management of the Society, have made the meetings of the Congress stormy at times, but these points at issue have been at last amicably settled, and the Society is now at leisure to proceed to its main objects and to organize a plan of action with a view to making its deliberations of value.

Viewing the Congress as a whole, one was convinced that the concentrated effort of such an unusual body of women should be able to do some worthy thing and to do it well. We saw in that assemblage a truly typical group of Americans, gathered together from all parts of the Union. Women of birth, of honored inheritance, of intelligence and good standing in their respective communities, meeting together to revive among us the memory of the fathers to whom we owe our inheritance.

What purpose does this serve?

It serves, first of all, to preserve records which each year makes more difficult to retain; it awakens in our minds that historic instinct which is important to any people with a past; it tends to bind families together by a recognition of their common origin, and to bring into one union women from remotest sections of the country who otherwise would have no common

bond. As we listen to the various accents in which our language is spoken by those refined and educated women, as we feel the variations of which our mother tongue is capable, and realize that climate and environment tend to differentiate the race, we feel more eager than before to emphasize those points which lead to union rather than separation; we long to consolidate the interests of our women, to resist with all our force the sectional influences which tend to draw us apart, and to enjoy and cultivate any interest which tends to weld together North, South, East, and West. Knowing the wide and silent influence of women, we feel that any great reform that appeals to all our hearts once urged by such a Congress would reach far and wide in its accomplishment. Here national interests which touch the home, the school, the great social problems of the hour, may well be considered from the woman's side of the question, and organized action be determined upon. It is here that veneration for historic sites can be inculcated, and that a loyal reverence may arise for the preservation of old trees and groves that are linked with important events in our history.

By the care and interest of women many a house in which a patriot was nursed can be preserved from decay and held in honor as his birthplace, or the neglected tombstone of a brave woman who gave her all to the service of the country rescued from dilapidation and disrespect. By their efforts old letters can be brought from their hiding places to make known to us the sacrifices, the enthusiasm, the heroic efforts of that memorable time, and forefathers and mothers once unknown to us restored to their proper place among our Lares and Penates.

If in Philadelphia the Colonial dames have made themselves the protectors of the ancient elms under which our ancestors walked while they deliberated anxiously upon the future of their country, Daughters of the Revolution may well find a sacred duty in the protection of other classic grounds from the attacks of nineteenth century Goths and Vandals.

An English historian on his visit to America felt that it was as if he saw ancient history at its beginning, as one who walked within the walls of Rome in the days of Numa Pompilius. We are as yet but at the beginning of things. Shall we not preserve

for the generations who are to come after a holy memory of our vanishing past? This is our mission first of all, to save the memory of the men and women of the Revolution as a vivid recollection for our children, to rescue from forgetfulness their great sacrifices, to honor the debt we owe them, and to learn from them the lesson of frugality and sacrifice, that we may teach it to our children.

There is work enough to do in the present for any organized body, whether it chooses education or service for its mission. The point is to consolidate effort, and to be linked together by a bond that has a serious meaning, that binds us by a common root to one grand ever-living idea, and then to be uplifted to some purpose worthy of a great organization, which took its rise from a great memory.

To-day is meaningless unlinked with yesterday and to-morrow. Only in the comprehension of the true relations of the three can we understand the meaning of the race from which we spring, and nerve ourselves to regulate its destiny. Daughters of one revolution may be mothers of a greater revolution if they but work together, wisely seeking great ends and wider life and more serious purposes as their mission. A revolution which makes for righteousness, for peace, for that simplicity of living which is the highest attainment of the best knowledge, is one that the daughters of our sternest age may well be proud to work for.

To-day our effort is for organization, to-morrow will declare what that organization shall accomplish, and when the occasion comes for united action in a serious cause, as come too soon it may, the value of such a working body of intelligent and patriotic women will be promptly recognized by the whole community. As we consider all that our ancestors did in the past, we may well ask ourselves whether we too have it not in our power to do something for our country, even if in these blessed days of peace we are asked for no heroic sacrifice of our nearest and dearest on the field of battle. There are those among us who have in days of anguish endured the pang and felt that throb of holiest patriotism, which, next to religion, is the highest emotion of the human soul, and though to-day there is no such bitter need as in the past, none the less should we cherish as our

ideal and consecrate our lives to the preservation of that liberty which our honored sires risked their all to bequeath to us.

Our patriotic mission lies ready to our hand. As mothers we are bound to implant in the hearts of our children that devotion to the fatherland which is our own proud inheritance. As teachers we should seek to imprint upon the plastic mind of youth the conviction of duty to the country as next to the duty toward God; and I believe that the time is at hand when it will need a close-knit band of true American women to keep burning upon our altars the sacred fire of a free and unsectarian education. To watch over the schools, to use our influence to resist every attempt to unamericanize them, seems to be one thing that sooner or later we as a body must set ourselves firmly to accomplish, and this cause is one which an organization of American-born women of patriotic inheritance may greatly aid by its weight and importance.

Our first mission, then, after establishing the record of our fathers, is to teach love of country and liberty to the young, to guard the cradle of the Nation, and to wrap it about with that flag which is the symbol of the Union we hold so dear, and of those ideas which are the nutriment of a free people. Our constant effort as a society should be to stand solidly for all the larger and truer interests of our beloved land, remembering that it is for us to be the exponents of the true American idea. It may seem of small moment to-day to prove that we are of Revolutionary descent, but in years to come, when the country is flooded with an alien race, these careful records which we transmit to posterity will be the Doomsday Book of the United States, and show beyond dispute the purity of our nationality and the right of our sons to influence the destiny of a country which owes its existence to the patriotism of their remote ancestors, and to the honorable zeal of their mothers in preserving the records before it was too late to verify them.

We are yet so young a Nation that we do not fully recognize the importance of our family archives, but the Sons and Daughters of the brave fighters for American liberty can do much to make them trustworthy and useful to the future historian.

A service that the Daughters of the American Revolution might also wisely render to the Nation is to devise some way of

celebrating Independence Day which should be of more interest, and help to redeem us from the charge of having no idea of entertainment for that festival beyond noise and gunpowder. Since we women are really in earnest, let us show our inventiveness by gratifying this long-felt want, till we teach our people no longer to take their pleasures sadly or noisily, but with proper enthusiasm and wise enjoyment.

MRS. J. H. ROBBINS.

ADDRESS.

[Made before the Mohegan Chapter, D. A. R., of Westchester County, upon the occasion of the presentation of the charter to the Chapter, at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. Annie Van Rensselaer Wells, Sing Sing, Wednesday, June 27, '894.]

ALTHOUGH it is only a few weeks since the formation of this Chapter, the utmost interest and enthusiasm has been shown throughout all parts of the country, and the descendants of nearly all the Revolutionary families of this locality are enrolling under its banner.

With a full corps of officers and twenty-three accepted members, we to-day make a beginning of what we hope will be one of the largest and most patriotic Chapters in the State.

It is most fitting to name our Chapters the old Indian names, in memory of the red men who once owned and dearly loved all this our fair country. New York Island was inhabited by the Manhattans, whose territory extended as far northward as Yonkers. Then came the Mohegans, a tribe of Algonquin lineage, who were distinguished by a common language and by similar traditions and customs.

At the time of the landing of the Pilgrims the Algonquins were scattered over more than one-half the territory east of the Mississippi and southeast of the Saint Lawrence. They occupied sixty degrees of longitude and twenty degrees of latitude. They encircled the Hurons, who dwelt around Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario. The Algonquins probably numbered not less than 90,000 at that time.

During the early period of the Iroquois confederacy, which comprised the Six Nations, the Mohegans inhabited the south-

western part of New England, and their campfires reached along the east bank of the Hudson from Yonkers to Albany, and the Hudson River, whose waves we can now hear lapping against the shore, was at one time known as the Mohegan River, and it seems most appropriate that the Chapter has taken this name for its own.

The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized on the 9th day of August, 1890, at the Hotel Langham, in Washington, informally at the first meeting, and the first three members were Miss Mary Desha, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, and Miss Eugenia Washington. In October of the same year, 1890, the National Society was formally organized in the parlors of the Strathmore Arms, Washington, and in less than four years the Daughters of the American Revolution are known from Canada to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a more rapid growth than any other society has ever made in this country, with Regents and Chapters in every State in the Union and a membership of nearly 7,000 and rapidly increasing.

Think what a power we are to-day ; think what a power we will be in the future, with thousands of able Christian women working for their country's good.

Wherever the Daughters of the American Revolution plant their banners they do so in the cause of Christianity, temperance, morality, justice, and the protection of home and country.

There are three things in this fair America of ours that are the symbols of the tenderest, holiest, and highest feelings that our human hearts can know—the cross, the hearthstone, and our country's flag—signifying our faith, our home, our country.

We all realize that this is a great national, patriotic society, not bounded by any narrow social laws or creeds, and our platform is so broad that all can unite on it; our religion simply our duty to God and our duty to our neighbor.

We know that the different forms of religion are but different pathways leading us onward and upward to the haven where we would be—our home, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Our politics, the greatest good to the greatest number, and the sustaining of those men best calculated to carry out those

ideas, and to aid those men as leaders who will keep for us what our forefathers gave to us—free America.

Our Society finds much work before it in many ways. In the State of Illinois we hear of hundreds of foreigners who are crowding into that State, and we know of the active and earnest work done by many of our "Daughters" teaching these wanderers from many climes our national laws, our national policy, the rights and duties of citizenship, and the true meaning of a ballot. No grander work to help our country could be undertaken than this.

What does it mean? That we are told that New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Boston, Chicago, and many other of our largest cities are led captive by foreign rule. Thomas Bailey Aldrich answers this question in a little poem called—

UNGUARDED GATES.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a motley throng,
Bringing with them unknown gods and rites
Their tiger passions here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley, what strange tongues are these,
Accents of menace alien to our air?
O Liberty, White Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? Have a care,
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust.

The great problem of how to restrict immigration and control naturalization is one that should be earnestly taken up and worked upon by every American-born man and woman in the United States, and especially by the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

To-day, when we are come together to honor the memories of those brave men and women who helped to achieve American Independence, and to remember with gratitude the fidelity and courage of our French allies—to-day we are also called upon to mourn, with the whole civilized world, with stricken France. Like Lincoln (our own martyred President), Carnot died, amid the rejoicings and congratulations of his countrymen, by the assassin's blow, the red hand of anarchy.

The great lesson of this sad event is that liberty's deadliest

danger is in its own excess. Slavery was the shadow of freedom, and anarchy is the shadow of liberty.

We should take this lesson to our hearts at this time. We are a free people—self-governed. Our defense is the love of peace, the respect for law, and an all-pervading and animating patriotism—a spirit of common loyalty and fidelity to the Constitution and the flag; but we must repudiate and stamp out every form of anarchistic, populist, and socialistic fanaticism if we would be true to our political traditions and perpetuate our free institutions.

And now a few words as to our honored guests :

We have with us to-day, my friends, Rear Admiral Benham, of the United States Navy, who so ably defended our flag and our national honor in the waters of the Southern Pacific last winter.

We have with us also Dr. and Mrs. Hasbrouck, of Dobbs Ferry, who gave to the Sons of the American Revolution the land for the statue in memory of Washington and Rochambeau, and who entertained us so hospitably only a few weeks ago.

I shall also have the pleasure of introducing to you Prince Lubecki, of Russia, a proud and worthy representative of his country, and Russia for many years, as well as France, has been America's strongest friend and ally.

We regret to-day the enforced absence of our President General, Mrs. Stevenson, but her place is filled to-day by Mrs. Stranahan, of Brooklyn, one of the Vice-Presidents General, who won golden honors in the way she presided over the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington last winter and who so efficiently represented the women of New York State at the great fair at Chicago.

We are well pleased to welcome our State Regent, Miss McAllister, who from the very formation of the Society has given her name and her work to help on the good cause.

We have also with us officers and Daughters from the Chapters of Kingston, Newburgh, and Poughkeepsie.

Last, but not least, the officers and some members of the New York City Chapter, the first Chapter to be formed in this State and the largest in the Society; Daughters from Connecticut, New York's firm friend and ally through the Revolution, and Daughters from New Jersey.

We thank them, one and all, for their presence here to-day to encourage and to do honor to the Mohegan Chapter.

But among the congratulations of to-day and the bright prospects of the future we must not forget the heroes of the past, those brave men who helped achieve American Independence.

There on the wall, above the chimney-piece, we see looking down upon us that sturdy old patriot, Pierre Van Cortlandt, the first Lieutenant-Governor of the State and president of the Committee of Safety, upon whose head a price was set, and who the British dubbed as "that arch-traitor, Pierre Van Cortlandt," and he was the great-grandfather of your Regent.

On the wall, at the right hand, you see the portrait of his son, Philip Van Cortlandt, who served with honor throughout the entire War of the Revolution, who received his commission as colonel from John Hancock, and was made brigadier general for bravery at Yorktown—the friend of Washington, Lafayette, and Steuben, the first treasurer of the Order of the Cincinnati.

Our Vice-regent and Treasurer come to us as the descendants of the eminent and brave Elkanah Watson. Our Corresponding Secretary is the great-great-granddaughter of Brigadier-General Abram Ten Broeck, who during the War of the Revolution commanded all the New York militia from Dutchess and Ulster Counties to the northern and western extremities of the State. At the battle of Saratoga, October, 1777, when Burgoyne was defeated, the history of New York says General Enoch Poor with his New Hampshire men and General Abram Ten Broeck with three thousand New Yorkers faced unmoved the cannon and grapeshot. General Ten Broeck was also a member of the Provincial Congress and mayor of Albany. On the evacuation of New York by the British he was one of the council appointed to receive possession; he was also senator of the State of New York and president of the convention that adopted its first constitution, and his great-granddaughter has loaned to us for this occasion the old dining table of General Ten Broeck, at which he and Washington frequently dined and afterwards planned their campaigns together.

We have also with us to-day one of the most representative women of our New York City Chapter, Mrs. Marie Clinton Le Duc, the great-granddaughter of General James Clinton.

The president of our village, Mr. Abram Hyatt, who comes to-day also to do us honor, is the great-grandson of brave Captain John Hyatt, who was born in Westchester, who fought for Westchester, who died for Westchester, and just as bravely as his grandsire gave up his life for his country, in the days of the Revolution, so did his two brothers give their lives to save the Union in the late civil war; and so with the memories of the past and the hopes and aspirations of the future mingling together and bringing our hearts and interests closer together, we meet to-day as one family, the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, and as brothers and sisters I say to you all once more, welcome.

MRS. SCHUYLER HAMILTON, JR.,
Vice-President-General D. A. R.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

ON THURSDAY, May 18, in Memphis, Tennessee, was commemorated the annual decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead. The sun shone never more gloriously, its light softened and mellowed by the exquisite shade of the trees of beauteous Elmwood Cemetery. This portion of the Southland is never more beautiful than in May, when the flowers seem almost bursting with bloom and fragrance. All nature seems smiling and happy. The mocking-birds call to each other in sweetest wooing, and the magnolia, queen flower of the South, sways aloft its creamy loveliness amidst countless tossing boughs.

However, it is not of memorial services held in honor of the heroes of the "Lost Cause" we would at this time speak, nor of the National Decoration Day, which occurs a few days later, and at which time the survivors of the Blue and of the Gray join hands and pay manly deference to the memory of worthy foes; but we would speak of another decoration which occurred on the same day, preceding the first about an hour, one full of sweet suggestions, bearing promise of happy fruitage—a decoration that would not have occurred had it not been for the existence of the two Chapters of the Daughters of the American

Revolution in Memphis. In order to explain more fully how this event was consummated we will have to revert somewhat to the past.

About six years ago it came to the knowledge of Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes (now State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Tennessee) that in a lonely grave in a remote corner of Elmwood Cemetery lay the mortal remains of Patrick Henry's eldest daughter, Mrs. Dorothea Spottswood Henry Winston, who lived, died, and was buried in Memphis many years ago.

The fires of patriotism seem ever to have burned brightly in the heart of Mrs. Mathes, and she felt deeply grieved to know of the long neglect of the grave of the daughter of our illustrious patriot. She failed, however, to awaken that same interest in others, for few are so zealous, so enthusiastic as she. So this grave remained alone, almost pathetic in its isolation. She who had been so beautiful, so sought after in life, now slept quiet and alone, all unheeding this world's forgetfulness. So the years passed on, and the tangled vines and mosses grew luxuriantly over the simple headstone. However, after the two Chapters were organized in Memphis, the Dolly Madison and the Watauga, the members at once with great earnestness entered into an agreement with Mrs. Mathes (the State Regent) to do everything possible to make reparation for the long neglect. The grave was cleared of its luxuriant growth, and after the marble was cleansed and straightened we read the following simple epitaph :

Mrs. Dorothea S. Winston, eldest child of the second marriage of the illustrious Patrick Henry, of Virginia, died June 17, 1854, in the seventy-eighth year of her age.

It was decided by the Watauga Chapter, with the kindly assistance of the Dolly Madison Chapter of Memphis, to have services held in her memory on the same day as the annual decoration of the soldiers' graves. So, in accordance with the programme, we gathered silently, reverently, around the little mound, under the spreading boughs which sheltered the grave, and with the sunbeams shimmering sympathetically and the

cool breezes sighing in unison we planted above the head laid low the violets and roses—one sweetly whispering in the happy parlance of flowers sweet memories of the golden past, the other suggesting the glorious resurrection. As we stood there doing deference to her so long gone before, the past and present seemed linked together in sweetest accord—she, the illustrious child of 1776, and we, the children of 1894.

Strange are the providences of our God. On that occasion the first to plant the violet and the rose was a granddaughter of Dorothea Henry Winston, Mrs. Granburg, wife of Bishop Granburg, who had come from her Virginia home, with her husband, to Memphis, where they were in attendance upon the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which was at that time in session, she (Mrs. Granburg) not even knowing that her grandmother was buried there. She was apprised of the fact by Mrs. Mathes, and asked to be first in the ceremony of the planting of the flowers, where, with tears coursing down her sweet face, she performed this loving service. We stood, while prayer was being offered by Bishop Granburg in a manner most tender, sweet, and appreciative. This was followed by the planting of flowers on the grave by individual members of the two Chapters. Then Bishop Granburg gave an address, short and appropriate, which found a response in the hearts of his listeners. Mrs. Samuel Latta then sang exquisitely, with cornet accompaniment, the song "America." Her voice rang clear and sweet to the noble words, reminding one of the clarion tones of Patrick Henry, which are alive to-day, ringing for liberty and justice. Mrs. Anna Robinson Watson, former Regent of the Dolly Madison Chapter of Memphis, then gave the following original address and poem:

The planting of a rose, the rooting of a violet, how small a thing to those who give but casual thought to the impulse which brings us here to-day; but, as we gather about this secluded spot, where rests one of noble lineage, of historic name, which of us is not thrilled with the significance of the thought, the deed? From far Virginia, where the myrtle twines in perennial green above the sacred resting place of those who gave her birth, comes the precious soil which now must nourish our tender rose, and from the same sacred dust will spring to newer birth the azure

bloom which tells of love, of remembrance kept warm in human hearts. As year by year the tendrils reach down for stronger life, and upward, as in aspiration, climb toward the sun, as year by year the undying fragrance floats upon the air, will the tribute be paid anew to one whose patriotic blood throbbed in earlier days with most loyal love to the patriots' cause. From distant homes are gathered those within whose veins the same flows, and to-day they come to do her reverence. With them are gathered others who come as well of noble lineage, that they, too, may do her reverence, and in so doing may strengthen the ties that bind the American women of to-day to the American women of a glorious past. We all have laid some loved one down to rest—under the violets, under the lilacs, they sleep, here or on distant hillsides, where love guards the place; but how sweet to think that, though the sod seem cold and dark, it once was tenanted by one far greater, far holier, than we; that for us, through Him, it has been made a holy resting place.

I do believe when our poor clay
Shall, wearied, court the rest profound and deep,
In blind and voiceless but all-conscious way,
It will rejoice to feel that He did sleep
Beneath the sod—our King.

And I do hope each springtime, when the throng
Of heaven's heralds crown the gladsome land,
When song and blossom and rejoicing hosts
Of spirits freed make harmonies so grand
They reach the King,

That it will chance these bodies laid so low
May somehow feel the universal thrill;
That haply in the flowers, the air, the vine,
They'll conscious live and speak, full sure they will
Themselves soon see the King.

Then dust sent from the graves of Patrick Henry, Sir Alexander Spotswood, and Dorothea Dandridge was lightly commingled with the soil of the grave of their loved child. This mingling of the dust was done by Patrick Henry Miller, a young man and a great-great-grandson of the great Patrick Henry, while near by stood a grandniece, Mrs. Bailey, a dear old lady, with the same sweet grace and gentle manner so characteristic of the ladies and gentlemen of the old school. The memorial services were closed by the following exquisite poem from the pen of our gifted Southern poetess, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle:

A TRIBUTE TO DOROTHEA SPOTTSWOOD WINSTON, DAUGHTER OF PATRICK
HENRY, FROM THE WATAUGA CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF MEMPHIS, TENN.

When we have laid our violets on the crest
Of one low hill of God, where daisies start,
And pink-checked roses breathe their lives above
The ashes of a gentle woman's heart ;

When we have felt the thrill that opens wide
The portals of the past, and caught the gleam
That sifts the mellow light that grandly gilds
The truth-crowned whiteness of a patriot's dream,

Then shall the spirit, listening, forgive
If eager hands in homage close have pressed,
Have touched the silence of the curtained past,
Or brushed the dews that kissed a robin's nest ;

For Glory 'round her Henry richly cast
The mantle of his fame ; from wold and wild
And citadels of might her needles wrought ;
It droops to-day upon our trust—his child.

For what were age to those who hold the hand
Of ruthless time while countless cycles fly ?
And what were death ? There is no death for him
Whose clarion message lives—can never die !

Blest be the dust urned in Virginia's heart
By love and pride, a priceless legacy ;
Blest be the ashes of the child he loved,
Within the sheltering arms of Tennessee !

And so we leave them with the bloom of May,
The song of birds, the dropping petals' snow,
And by the light within each other's eyes
We claim the name of children as we go !

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

Then we knelt, while a touching prayer was being offered by Dr. W. M. Long, a Son of the Revolution and chaplain of the Dolly Madison Chapter. Mrs. Keller Anderson, Regent of Watauga Chapter, conducted the ceremonies, owing to the sudden illness of Mrs. Mathes, on that occasion. After this we quietly, reverently, left the grave and wended our way to our other dead, so sacred, so loved. I believe the heart of each was filled with a wish, a prayer, that we, the Daughters of the American Revolution, might prove the means of bringing into closest bonds of brotherhood North, South, East, and West.

Ours is a glorious privilege; may we read it aright, and in His strength go forth on our mission of not only commemorating the valor of our forefathers, but in cementing fast together the present generation in love, peace, and goodwill to all and to each other.

LILLIAN BRIGHT HORTON,
Vice-Regent Watauga Chapter, Memphis, Tennessee.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PITTSBURG CHAPTER.

[Ceremonies connected with the transfer of the "Block House" to the Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County].

At the meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution at the residence of Mrs. O. D. Thompson, Western avenue, Allegheny, on the 14th of April, 1894, the formal transfer of the Block House property, presented to the Society by Mrs. Mary E. Schenley, of London, England, was accomplished. In order to receive the property it was necessary to organize the Chapter as a chartered society. This was done under the name of the "Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County." Colonel W. A. Herron, Mrs. Schenley's agent and representative, made the presentation speech, which was as follows :

Madam, the President, and the Ladies of the Pittsburg Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution :

It is a pleasant duty which I am called upon to perform as the business representative of Mrs. Mary E. Schenley, to present on her behalf to your association the deed to a plot of ground in the First Ward, city of Pittsburg. In size it is ninety by one hundred feet, with a passageway twenty feet wide running from Penn Avenue to the property in question. This ground was once part of old Fort Duquesne, and on it still remains a redoubt commonly known as the old Block House. You are to preserve and keep this relic of a bygone past, and to gather and preserve all obtainable history and tradition in regard to it, and you are to beautify and adorn it and to make it the receptacle of relics bearing on the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of its existence. In presenting you with this deed I am strongly tempted to enlarge on the wealth of incident at my disposal regarding the stirring times that gave occasion for the building of Fort Duquesne, but I cannot do so without telling you what has already been so charmingly and fascinatingly told by a member of your Society,

Miss Harding, in a paper read before the National Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I will therefore make this presentation as brief as possible and leave the ladies of your Society, who have the history of western Pennsylvania at their finger ends, to tell the story of the chivalrous Frenchmen, cruel, crafty Indians, courageous British, and intrepid Colonists. It is fitting that this old landmark, rich in historic associations of more than a century ago, should fall into the hands of those who by birth, tradition, and sentiment are particularly fitted to receive and preserve it and perpetuate the memories of the days when it was occupied by the French and their Indian allies, and afterwards by the British and Colonial troops. In making you the custodians of this valuable property and historic relic the generous donor asks no guarantee from you except what is called for in the deed. She knows full well that the earnest patriotism which has always characterized the women of America, and particularly the women of Pittsburg, can be depended on to act with the living present and cherish the memories of the dead past.

In the presentation of the deed Colonel Herron spoke of the large outlay that would be necessary to put this property in a condition that would do honor to the donor and be worthy of the Daughters of the American Revolution, as well as an ornament to the city. Then he added that when the subscription books were opened he would head the list with \$100.

Miss Matilda W. Denny, the Regent of the newly chartered society, responded as follows :

In receiving the deed of the Block House in the name of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County, I can find no words adequate to express our appreciation and gratitude to Mrs. Schenley and to you, the medium through which she conveys this gift, as a renewed proof of her liberal generosity.

When one looks at the one hundred feet by ninety feet, as delineated on the map before us, and remembers the tumbled-down Block House, with its surroundings of shabby tenements, it may not seem a very valuable gift ; and if a visit be made to this historic spot and the entrance from Penn Avenue of another ninety feet by twenty feet be added, in its present condition, the verdict might still be, no such great things after all ; indeed, some might fear that it would prove an elephant on our hands ; but we know of what we speak when we say that this gift represents thousands upon thousands of dollars. The lowest estimate would be \$50,000 ; that certainly is a magnificent gift—a gift that calls for the gratitude not only of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the people of Pittsburg and Allegheny, but of all who are interested in preserving the relics of our early history ; and, what is more, it says to us that although Mrs. Schenley left her native land very early in life and

cast her lot with those who were once our enemies, she still remains loyal to the Stars and Stripes, and the gift of this ground, where once stood a British fort, to the descendants of those who fought to establish the independence of the Colonies proves to us that time and absence have not alienated her affections.

Her munificent gift of the park to Pittsburg and her contribution of \$10,000 to the park in Allegheny show how she holds the interests of the two cities in her heart. While in those broad acres her memory will always be kept fresh and green, we will make her gift to us a little oasis in the midst of a busy, crowded city, not only as a memorial of patriots and pioneers, but to the honor of her who, although long a resident of England, shows in this noble way that she is proud of her descent from American patriots; and we are proud to have on our roll the name of Mary E. Schenley, which is but a synonym of large-hearted liberality.

This gift will also be the means of greatly increasing the dignity of the Chapter. The Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was but a part of a whole and not qualified to hold property. In order to accept this gift we were obliged to get a charter from the State. Now in numbers we are not far below any sister Chapter, but we feel as if we were head and shoulders above all our sisters since receiving this gift, as we are the only Chapter holding a distinct charter and the only one (so far as we know) holding property.

Now that we are a chartered organization we find we are entitled to many privileges, some of them desirable and others quite the reverse. The privilege of paying taxes is one. The great object of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is to preserve and perpetuate the memory of those who fought and bled and died to establish the principle of "no taxation without representation." Do you not think that fact should have some weight with the "city fathers" when we send in a petition to be exonerated from the payment of taxes?

Mrs. Hogg, the State Regent, then made a short address :

I do not wish to take from the limited time one afternoon allows for all the work which is laid down on to-day's programme, but I must in a few words express my gratification at the happy issue of almost two years' effort and labor on the part of some of the members of this Chapter. When, in June, 1892, we heard the letter from Mrs. Schenley read, in which she made promise to us of the gift of "the old Block House, with some ground to surround it," we did not imagine the difficulties which would lie in our path before the gift could be received; but at last the many obstacles have been removed, and the deed is now, as I understand, the property of the chartered organization of the "Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County." I most heartily congratulate the Pittsburg Chapter, the Chapter which I had the pleasure to organize, on holding within its limits the first historic ground possessed by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Organizing, as this Chapter did, on the 11th day of June, the one hun-

dred and fourteenth anniversary of the appointment in Congress of the Committee to prepare a Declaration of Independence, it was fitting that this date should act as an inspiration to good works and also to success. There is much to do before our labors are ended ; but, with willing hands and brave hearts, I do not think there is anything to fear, remembering always that we are working not for ourselves, not for this generation, which must soon be of the past, but for posterity, the Daughters' Daughters, who we hope shall continue a society as long as the Stars and Stripes shall wave over our National Capital.

The Daughters expressed their thanks to Colonel Herron, and also to J. H. White, Esq., who has assisted them legally.

The Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny County having adjourned, the Regent of the Pittsburg Chapter, Mrs. Park Painter, took the chair, and the usual routine followed—the minutes were read and reports made by the corresponding secretary and the treasurer. The historian read a paper on the "Events of the Revolution Occurring in the Months of March, April, and May." This was followed by a pleasant little incident, the presentation to Mrs. Hogg of a handsomely chased silver vase, inscribed "Julia Katherine Hogg, author of the Pennsylvania amendment, from the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in grateful recognition of her services to the National Society in the Congress of 1894 in the cause of lineal descent." Mrs. O. D. Thompson made the presentation speech about as follows :

Mrs. Hogg, very great is my privilege, very sincere my pleasure, in being deputed to bear you, in behalf of the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, this testimonial of our high regard of the noble service you have rendered, not for this task alone, not alone for the State which honors you as her Regent, but for the future greatness and prosperity of the whole National Society. It is our great desire that this token may convey to you eloquent explanation of that which our hearts would say ; that it may tell of our grateful appreciation of the untiring energy, zealous loyalty, and dignified bearing which have ever accompanied your efforts, now successfully crowned, in so amending our constitution that we are to-day Daughters, truly Daughters, of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Hogg had been kept in complete ignorance of this testimony of the appreciation of her earnest work. She expressed her thanks in a few well chosen words, uttered with her usual dignity and good taste. An interesting paper by Mr. Oliver

Ormsby Page was then read by Miss Harding. It was a history of the glassworks of Bakewell, Page & Bakewell, and included an account of the visit of General Lafayette to Pittsburg in 1825 and a description of the vases presented by the firm to the General. These vases were exhibited in the French building at the World's Fair. Arrangements were also made for the lectures to be given in May by Miss Jane Meade Welch. After a piano quartette and the singing of America the meeting adjourned.

MARY O'HARA DARLINGTON,
Historian of the Pittsburg Chapter.

THE SEQUOIA LIBERTY TREE.

THE planting of a Liberty Tree in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, by the Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, is told in "The Examiner" as follows:

For a characteristic Liberty Tree to be planted in California was selected the native Sequoia of the State—not the *Sequoia sempervirens* of the coast counties, from which comes the redwood of commerce, but the *Sequoia gigantea* of the Sierra foothills, which constitutes the great groves famous the world over for the size of the trees. These trees are reproduced only from their seed. Some time ago a seed from the Calaveras grove was planted in a garden at San José, and the tree that sprang from it is now about five feet tall. This tree was honored by selection as the Liberty Tree set out in Golden Gate Park by Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

With appropriate ceremony the tree was planted in the ground in a protected place near the conservatories, and around it was placed historic earth collected from many famous battlefields and from the tombs of patriots and martyrs who participated in the war for the liberty of the Colonies, the deeds of which are commemorated by the order of which Sequoia Chapter is a part. The giant redwoods grow only in places guarded from storms and where constant moisture keeps at all times the ground covered with a verdant carpet of moss. In order that the commemorative tree, which is now an institution of the local park, may thrive, care will be taken that the ground is always moist, and that the hand of the vandal shall not be permitted to rob it of branches or bark. It will be inclosed by an iron fence, on which will be placed a copper tablet bearing the name of the Society, its aims, the names of its officers and members, and such further inscription as may indicate the purpose for which it was placed in its present position and the events of which it is a symbol.

THE STRIPES AND THE TRICOLOR.

On the warmest of spring afternoons the commemorative ceremonies were conducted. The canopied platform in the sheltered valley where formerly the band played was decorated with the flags of our country and arranged with seats for the ladies who make up the membership of Sequoia Chapter. In front of this stand were ranged in parallel lines representatives of the French Zouaves, the Legion Française, and the Lafayette Guard, all in uniform, the members wearing such medals as have been bestowed upon them for deeds of valor. At the end of one line of these Frenchmen was carried the American flag, and at the end of another line was the flag of the country to which they have come and of which they are now citizens. Extending across a driveway from these ranks of Frenchmen were young Americans, also in uniform—the High School Cadets, whose lines formed a pathway from the platform to the plot in which the tree was permanently planted.

The ceremonies of the day were conducted at the platform, Mrs. Ellen M. Wetherbee, of Fruitvale, Vice-Regent of Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, acting as mistress of ceremonies.

After appropriate music by the First Infantry Band, Mrs. Wetherbee welcomed the company that had gathered round about the platform and about the grass plot, and briefly indicated the purpose of the assemblage. The Right Reverend William Ford Nichols, Bishop of the Diocese of California, asked for a blessing upon the ceremonies of the day, and prayed that the tree which was about to be placed in the soil of San Francisco might thrive and for generations recall the events of the day and the patriotic sacrifices and the victories which it commemorates.

A poem, written for the ceremony by Mrs. Frank J. French, was recited with spirit and intelligence by Miss Hattie Vance Martin. That part of the poem which describes the selection of the Sequoia as the Liberty Tree is as follows:

We raise here no altar to human pride,
 We pour out the wine of no vain oblation;
 While we chant the glory of those who died,
 Let us live our lives for the life of the Nation.
 While in names of our fathers we firmly stand
 For laws that to all yield a swift redress,
 Guard our children's rights from an alien band,
 Grant a purer people, a purer press.
 Then what shall we plant for our Liberty Tree?
 Oh! say what our symbol of Freedom shall be!
 Shall Southern Palmetto or Pine of the North
 Bear our standard of Liberty now and henceforth?
 Let its roots lie deep in the mountain's breast;
 It must tower like a monarch above the rest,
 Till it counts its cycles where men count years;
 It must stand till the Prince of Peace appears.
 The Palmetto quivers and droops her head;
 The Pine Tree shivers and stands as dead;
 Thou alone, finite type of infinity,
 Sequoia, we hail thee our Liberty Tree.

GENERAL BARNES UPON PATRIOTISM.

The orator of the day, General W. H. L. Barnes, mentioned the impression that was made upon him by listening on the steps at the Capitol at Washington to the inaugural address of President Abraham Lincoln, and quoted several of the patriotic sentences from that famous address. The orator then spoke of the importance of instructing the young people of this country in lessons of patriotism, and declared that the women of the country, mothers of the children, can be in no nobler work than that of a society which commemorates the great deeds at Concord, in Boston, Brandywine, and Valley Forge, and at Lexington, the anniversary of the battle held at which place is the very day upon which the Liberty Tree is planted. The substance of the oration is as follows:

"It is a longer time than I almost dare to think since, a boy, I stood near the east portico of the Capitol at Washington and listened to the inaugural address of Abraham Lincoln, just chosen President of the United States.

"No one who was living in America at that time, no one who to-day shall read his great address on that occasion, can but be satisfied that for that time of violence and danger God had lifted up a champion indeed.

"And as I stand here to-day I can see again the benign face of that great hero, statesman, and martyr.

"Let no satirist say smilingly that this present occasion and ceremony is of no significance. They may ask, 'What does it mean?' 'What is its lesson?' The gentlemen from France who stand here with us gave us the idea, as they gave us Lafayette. They first planted the Liberty Tree to commemorate a great epoch, and we but follow the example they set us.

"My friends, we don't love our country as we ought to. We have been born and come to maturity without a proper sense of the blessings we enjoy. The glory and finish and culture of this land will never be appreciated till they pass away.

"Ladies, you can do no better work than to teach by such ceremonies as this lessons of patriotism to the children of the country; and so I say to you ladies of the Sequoia Chapter who are here present that the lessons of this day are priceless, and we believe that they will have their fruit in a higher, a nobler, and a truer sense of the true American life!"

THE CONSUL OF FRANCE.

The Consul-General of France, L. de Lalande, read the following interesting address:

"In compliance with the request of the Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I had asked the Government of the French Republic to enable me to lend my assistance in the patriotic celebration held by you to-day in forwarding to you through me a small quantity of earth taken at the cemetery of Picpus, in Paris, from the grave of one of the French heroes of the War of American Independence, General Marquis de Lafayette.

"You are aware that the request which I made in your name was favorably considered. I now feel greatly honored in handing you, in my

official capacity as Consul of France in this city, a box of the earth which, in my eyes, is twice consecrated, as it comes from French soil and was taken from the grave of an earnest friend of your Nation, of a great soldier of both your Revolution and ours. I had the pleasure some time ago of visiting the University of Berkeley, and my attention was called in the picture gallery by a fine battle painting having the place of honor. It was not without emotion that I recognized in the painting, by the side of General Washington in the center, the well-known features of his faithful companion-in-arms, of the combatant of Brandywine, where he was wounded; of Monmouth, of Yorktown—I have named Marquis de Lafayette. I will not delay the proceedings by going over historical facts which are in every one's memory. I will only recall, as regards the man whose remembrance we to day honor, this significant fact: On his return to France, and when your Independence was so happily secured, the French War Office, as an exceptional favor, confirmed Marquis de Lafayette in that rank of general which he had so valiantly gained on your battlefields. That homage paid to a general twenty-five years of age was referred to, to me personally, a few years ago by a very distinguished man, a Senator of the French Republic, one of the descendants of our hero, Edmond de Lafayette, with whom I was well acquainted and who entertained for your country the greatest friendship. He was at one time your guest, and his name appears on the list of the Sons of the American Revolution. F. de Corcelle, Minister Plenipotentiary, whose name you may see on one of the official documents which I have handed to you, is, I believe, the last surviving member of that illustrious family.

"Let me thank you most heartily for your kind idea of associating with this commemoration of your military glories the name of Lafayette, your French brother-in-arms. I cannot help thinking that it is among you of all others, the enlightened portion of the American Nation, keeping sacred the memory of its ancestors, the pride of its historical annals, that we Frenchmen, your elders as a nation, your friends of that early hour when first sounded the ever-famous Liberty Bell, can hope to find for our country true feelings of justice and sincerity; and here to-day, under this bright sun, our two united flags express those sentiments more vividly than any utterances of mine."

THE PLANTING OF THE TREE.

The pleasing address of the Consul-General was responded to by Mrs. A. S. Hubbard, a prominent member of Sequoia Chapter and delegate to the Continental Congress of the Order.

C. L. P. Marais then read the official documents certifying to the casketful of earth taken from the tomb of General Lafayette. One of these certificates is signed by J. O. Beauregard, mandatory of the proprietors of the oratory of Picpus and of the cemetery of Picpus, and the other is signed by Paul Desormeaux and M. de Corcelles, the last named representing the family of General de Lafayette, of which he is a member, both of whom were present at the time the earth was taken from the sepulcher, placed in a metallic casket, and sealed with the seal of Paris.

The ceremony of the planting of the tree was then conducted, the ladies and the men officiating walking from the platform between the lines of the French in uniform and the High School Cadets to the place selected for the permanent home of the Californian Tree of Liberty. With a silver trowel, the handle of which is of the celebrated magnolia tree at Mount Vernon planted by George Washington, Mrs. Hubbard placed about the roots of the tree, which had already been located in an excavation, soil obtained from the Lexington battlefield, the spot where the Revolutionary War began, and contributed for this purpose by Mrs. Harriette Perry Stafford, of Cottage City, Connecticut.

Mrs. William Alvord then, taking the trowel, placed about the roots of the tree soil from the tomb of Mount Vernon, where George and Martha Washington first were buried. This earth was contributed by Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, President-General of the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution and wife of the Vice-President of the United States.

The Consul-General of France, representing the French nation, then with the silver trowel laid about the tree the earth from the tomb of Lafayette, the band playing the "Marseillaise" as the Consul deposited the historic soil. Then other members of the Sequoia Chapter and State officers of the order deposited the remainder of the soil that was placed about the roots of the tree.

From nearly one hundred and fifty famous battlefields and tombs of patriotic men and women of Revolutionary days was this soil obtained. One trowelful comes from the grave of William French, Westminster, Vermont, which was accompanied by the following letter:

"The first blood shed in our revolution has been commonly supposed to have been shed at Lexington, April 19, 1775; but Westminster, Vermont, files a prior claim in favor of William French, who, it is asserted, was killed on the 9th of March, 1775, at the King's Court-house, in what is now Westminster. At that time Westminster was a part of Vermont, and the King's court officers, together with a body of troops, were sent to Westminster to hold the usual session of the court. The people, however, were exasperated and assembled in the court-house to resist. A little before midnight the troops advanced and fired indiscriminately upon the crowd, instantly killing William French, whose head was pierced by a musket ball. He was buried in the churchyard, and the stone erected to his memory bears the following quaint inscription:

In Memory of William French,
who was shot at Westminster, March ye
twelfth, 1775,
by the hand of the cruel Ministerial Tools of George
ye Third,
at the Court-house, at 11 o'clock at night,
in the 22d year of his age.
Here William French his body lies,
For Murder his Blood for Vengeance cries.
King George the Third his Tory Crew,
Tha with a bawl his head shot threw,
For Liberty and his Country's good
He lost his life his Dearest Blood."

SOIL FROM HISTORIC PLACES.

Earth from the grave of Mary Ball Washington, the mother of George Washington, and also a piece of the old monument erected to her memory, the corner-stone of which was laid by General Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, on May 7, 1833, were sent to be placed about the Liberty Tree by her great-great-granddaughter, Miss Eugenia Washington, one of the founders of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Earth also came from the tomb of the "11,500 martyrs from the prison-ships," and also from the grave of the patriot Benjamin Romaine, on Fort Greene, Brooklyn, who caused the bones of these men to be gathered from the shores of the Wallabout and placed in a vault. This earth was contributed by the Society of Old Brooklynites.

Soil from the grave of Ethan Allen and also from the grave of Thomas Jefferson was deposited about the tree, and also from Valley Forge and from Yorktown, from the Bunker Hill Monument and from the monument erected in 1779 to the memory of the "first eight victims of British tyranny and oppression—Ensign Robert Monroe, Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Jr., Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington, Asahel Porter, and John Brown."

A piece of the cannon used on the battlefield at Lexington and soil from the Craddock House at Medford, believed to be the oldest house in the United States retaining its original form, also formed part of the ground from which the Sequoia is to gain its sustenance.

Among other places from which earth was contributed are the grave of General Roger Nelson, the grave of Colonel John Lynn, the grave of Francis Scott Key, the tomb of President James K. Polk, the tomb of Andrew Jackson, the tomb of Roger Brook Taney, fifth Chief Justice of the United States; the grave of Patrick Henry, the grave of General William Barton, the man who made General Preston a prisoner while in the midst of his own troops; the grave of General John Stark and of his wife, the famous Mollie Stark, contributed for this purpose by their great-grandson, John F. Stark, of Alameda, California; from the house of Betsy Ross in Pennsylvania, where was made and exhibited the first American flag; from the grave of John Sevier, the first Governor of Tennessee; from the grave of George Robert Twelves Hewes, "one of the Indians who destroyed the tea" contributed by his great-grandson, Horace G. Hewes, of Braintree, Massachusetts, and his kinsman, David Hewes, of San Francisco; from the grave of Artemus Ward, first major-general in the Army of the Revolution, contributed by his great-grandson, D. Henshaw Ward, of Oakland, California, and from the grave of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Earth is also there from the site of the old court-house in Maryland where the Stamp Act was declared unconstitutional; from Fort Ticonderoga, from the Boston Common, from Fort Necessity, Pennsylvania, the scene of the first battle of General Washington; from the place where

the Liberty Bell and Christ Church bells were concealed beneath the floors of Zion's Reform Church in 1777 and 1778; from Putnam Park, Redding, Connecticut; from the little office which Governor Trumbull used since the Revolutionary War, called the "War Office," still standing in Lebanon, Connecticut, a place where more than one thousand meetings of the Council of Safety, established to assist the Government in carrying on the war, were held. At many of these meetings Washington was present.

The Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America sent earth from Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, built in 1770, the place where in 1774 convened the First Colonial Congress, and also soil from about Independence Hall and from Penn's Treaty Tree Park, from Christ Church, and from the grave of Benjamin Franklin in the graveyard of Christ Church. In the letter from the Society which accompanied these gifts occurred the following language:

"At Christ Church are noted current historic events by the ringing of the bells, a custom kept up from before the Revolutionary War. In accordance with this custom was rung a peal on the first Fourth of July immediately after the old bell at Independence Hall, close by, rang the Declaration of Independence. The crowd came from the hall to Christ Church that day to hear the peal ring in Independence. When the British Army occupied the city the Continental Congress, to save these bells, had them taken down and carried with the Liberty Bell to Allentown, Pennsylvania. After the evacuation they were rehung at the expense of the Continental Congress. Longfellow has immortalized them in the closing scene of his 'Evangeline.'"

When the tree had been duly planted a salvo of artillery was sounded from a battery of the Fifth Artillery stationed on the opposite side of the park. A poem prepared as a greeting from Dolly Madison Chapter No. 2, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Memphis, Tennessee, written by Mrs. Sarah Beaumont Kennedy, was read by Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith. Bishop Nichols pronounced the benediction and the company dispersed.

Upon the monument on the battle-ground at Lexington from which was taken the first earth that was placed at the roots of the tree planted yesterday is inscribed as follows: "Sacred to the liberty and the rights of mankind, the freedom and independence of America, sealed and defended with the blood of her sons."

The Liberty Tree Committee, to which Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, intrusted the arrangements for the celebration of yesterday, consisted of Mrs. A. S. Hubbard (chairman), Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, Mrs. Frank J. French, and Mrs. John M. Chretien.

Of the officers of Sequoia Chapter, all were present at the celebration except the Regent, Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, who has been very ill and who was not able to preside. Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, the Vice-Regent, took her place. The other officers of the Chapter are Miss Alma Priscilla

Alden, recording secretary; Mrs. John M. Chretien, corresponding secretary; Miss Elizabeth M. Jones, treasurer; Mrs. L. C. Branch, registrar, and Mrs. L. L. Baker, historian.

AS LONG as the Sons of the American Revolution in the Golden State hold the outposts of order, patriotism, and "respect for authority," the old Ship of State will sail on.

The Board of Managers of the California Society, Sons of the American Revolution, endorses by the following letter the action of the Educational Board of the City and County of San Francisco in setting aside the afternoon of the last Friday of each month for the purpose of instilling in the minds of the school children lessons of patriotism by raising of the American Flag with appropriate exercises:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 11, 1894.

Professor J. H. Rosewald, Member of the Board of Education of the City and County of San Francisco.

DEAR SIR: The Board of Managers of the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution authorize me to convey to you and your Board of Education their appreciation and approval of the resolution introduced by you at the meeting of your board held April 11, 1894, which reads as follows:

Resolved, That the last Friday afternoon of each calendar month be set aside for the purpose of holding patriotic and general exercises in the grammar and primary schools of the city and county of San Francisco, which shall consist of, first, recitations of a patriotic character, singing of patriotic hymns, and instruction by the teachers in the principles of our Government and the duties and dignities of American citizenship; second, general instructions in the principles of morality, truth, and justice as required by the State law and the rules of the Board of Education; third, general exercises within the discretion of the principal. The American Flag shall be raised on the school buildings on the day on which these exercises are held.

One of the great aims of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution is to keep alive in the different communities throughout the length and breadth of our country an intense interest in all that is American.

The Sons of the American Revolution view with profound satisfaction your effort to inspire the young with love of country and respect for authority, for they believe that patriotism and reverence will be the salvation of our free institutions in the strains which, according to the signs of the times, they will be required to endure.

Recognizing the fact that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," the Californian branch of the Sons of the American Revolution has

decided to send a copy of this letter to the branches established in almost every State of the Union, with the view of securing their influence in having every board of education throughout our land adopt the action instituted by you, of teaching all school children to reverence authority, love their country, and estimate justly the sacrifices of those who gave to us our priceless heritage of liberty.

Yours truly,

CHAS. J. KING,

President of California Society, S. A. R.

Attest: A. S. HUBBARD,

Secretary pro tem.

MRS. HARRISON'S PORTRAIT FUND.

RECEIVED JUNE, 1894.

Miss Anna Dewey, Derby, Connecticut.....	\$1 00
Mrs. N. O. Phillips, Derby, Connecticut.....	1 00
Mrs. J. W. Osborne, Derby, Connecticut.....	1 00
Miss J. de F. Shelton, Derby, Connecticut.....	1 00
Miss M. L. Birdsey	1 00
Columbia Chapter, South Carolina.....	5 00
Muskingum Chapter, Torresville, Ohio.....	5 00
Southport Chapter, Connecticut	12 25
Mrs. Robert Browne, Washington, D. C.....	1 00
Fairfield, Connecticut.....	4 00
Mrs. C. H. Sawyer, Dover, New Hampshire.....	5 00
Mrs. Hannah Webster Smith, Dover, New Hampshire.....	5 00

JULY 4, 1894.

Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, Bloomington, Illinois.....	11 00
Youngstown Chapter, Ohio.....	15 00
Mrs. Augusta Dahlgren, Trenton, New Jersey.....	1 00
Mrs. Martha L. Frink, Reaville, New Jersey.....	1 00
Sales of music, "Our Western Land".....	4 23
Ruth Heart Chapter, Meriden, Connecticut (1893, \$6.55)	4 75
Mrs. M. T. Robbins, Washington, D. C.....	1 00

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH,

Treasurer.

NOTE.—In the statement of money paid the artist in proceedings of the Board two hundred dollars of the last five hundred should be "subscribed," not "paid."

E. H. W.



AN ORIGINAL POEM

BY ELEANOR HUNTER, ON HER GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER,
RHODA FARRAND.

In the last of these Centennial days
Let me sing a song to a woman's praise;
How she proved herself in that time of strife
Worthy of being a patriot's wife.

A little woman she was—not young,
But ready of wit and quiet of tongue;
One of the kind of which Solomon told,
Setting their price above rubies and gold.
A memory brave clings around her name,
Though scarce she dreamed 'twould be woven in rhymes
In these her granddaughter's daughter's times.

Just out of the clamor of war's alarms
Lay in tranquil quiet the Jersey farms,
And all the produce in barn and shed
By the lads and girls was harvested,
For the winds of winter with storm and chill
Swept bitterly over each field and hill.
Her husband was with the Army, and she
Was left on the farm at Parsifany,
When she heard the sound of a horse's feet,
And Marshall Doty rode up the street.
He paused but a moment and handed down
A letter for Rhoda from Morristown
In her husband's hand. How she seized the sheet!
The children came running with eager feet—
There were Kate and Betty, Hannah and Dan—

To list to the letter, and thus it ran,
After best greeting to children and wife :
"Heart of my heart and life of my life!"
I read from the paper, wrinkled and brown—
"We are here for the winter in Morristown,
And a sorry sight are our men to day,
In tatters and rags, with no sign of pay.
As we marched to camp, if a man looked back
By the dropping blood he could trace our track,
For scarcely a man has a decent shoe,
And there's not a stocking the Army through;
So send us stockings as quick as you can,
My company needs them—every man—
And every man is a neighbor's lad.
Tell this to their mothers—they need them bad."

Then, if never before, beat Rhoda's heart;
'Twas time to be doing a woman's part.
She turned to her daughters Hannah and Bet :
"Girls, each on your needles a stocking set;
Get my cloak and hood. As for you, Son Dan,
Yoke up the steers just as quick as you can;
Put a chair in the wagon, as you are alive,
I will sit and knit while you go and drive."

They started at once on Whippany road,
She knitting away while he held the goad.
At Whippany village she stopped to call
On the Sisters Prudence and Mary Ball.
She would not go in; she sat in her chair
And read to the girls her letter from there.
That was enough, for their brothers three
Were in Lieutenant Farrand's company.
Then on Rhoda went, stopping here and there
To rouse the neighbors, from her old chair.
Still, while she was riding, her fingers flew,
And minute by minute the stocking grew.
Across the country, so withered and brown,
They drove till they came to Hanover town.
There, mellow and rich, lay Smith's broad lands,
With them she took dinner and warmed her hands.

Next, toward Hanover Neck Dan turned the steers,
Where her cousins, the Kitchells, had lived for years.
With the Kitchells she supped, then homeward turned,
While above her the stars like lanterns burned;
And she stepped from her chair, helped by her son,
With her first day's work and her stockings done.

On Rockaway River, so bright and clear,
The brown leaf skims in the fall of the year;
Around through the hills it curves like an arm
And holds in its clasp more than one bright farm.
Through Rockaway Valley next day drove Dan—
Boy though he was, yet he worked like a man.
His mother behind him sat in her chair,
Still knitting, but knitting another pair.
They roused the valley, then drove through the gorge
And stopped for a minute at Compton's Forge.
Then on to Boonton, and there they were fed
While the letter was passed around and read.
"Knit," said Rhoda to all, "as fast as you can;
Send the stockings to me, and my son Dan
The first of next week will drive me down,
And I'll take the stockings to Morristown."
Then from Boonton home, and at set of sun
She entered her house with her stockings done.
On Thursday they, from the morn till night,
She and the girls, worked with all their might.
When the yarn gave out they carded and spun,
And every day more stockings were done.
When the wool was gone, then they killed a sheep—
A cosset, but nobody stopped to weep.
They pulled the fleece and they carded away,
And spun and knitted from night until day.
In all the country no woman could rest,
But they knitted on like people "possessed,"
And Parson Condit expounded his "views"
On the Sabbath day unto empty pews,
Except for a few stray lads who came
And sat in the gallery to save the name.

On Monday morning, at an early hour,
The stockings came in a perfect shower—
A shower that lasted until the night—
Black, brown, and gray ones, and mixed blue and white.
There were pairs one hundred and thirty-three—
Long ones, remember, up to the knee—
And the next day Rhoda carried them down
In the old ox-wagon to Morristown.
I hear, like an echo, the soldiers' cheers
For Rhoda and Dan, the wagon and steers,
Growing wilder yet for the Chief in command,
While up, at "salute," to the brow flies each hand
As Washington passes, desiring then
To thank Mistress Farrand in name of his men.

But the words her husband's lips let fall,
"I knew you would do it," were best of all.
And I think, in these Centennial days,
That she should be given her meed of praise,
And while we are singing of "Auld Lang Syne"
Her name with others deserves to shine.

Secured for THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE by Mary Davenport
Chenoweth, Vice-Regent, Columbia Chapter.

WHO RUTH WYLLYS WAS.

HONORED BY HARTFORD DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

[This paper was read by Mary K. Talcott before a meeting of the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and gives an admirable history of the Wyllys family.]

IT HAS been asked by many why the name of "Ruth Wyllys" has been bestowed upon the Hartford Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a question which shows how completely the memory of the once well-known Wyllys family has faded from the minds of the inhabitants of Hartford. The nineteenth century in its earlier years did not spend much time in tender reminiscences of past glories or bygone days, but the recent revival of the Revolutionary memories brings with it also the remembrance of families once prominent but now extinct and forgotten. It seems incredible that so little should be remembered of such a family as the Wyllyses, who once occupied such a distinguished position not only in Hartford, but in Connecticut; but apparently it is so, excepting among a few descendants of old Hartford families to whom tales have been related of the old Wyllys mansion and its occupants, and a few others interested in antiquarian researches. It is hoped that this paper will explain in some measure why it is eminently appropriate that the Wyllys name should be assumed by our Chapter, not only in compliment to the gallant services of General Samuel Wyllys and his brothers in the Revolutionary War, and the long term of office of their father, Colonel George Wyllys, as Secretary of the Colony and State of Connecticut, both before, during, and after the Revolutionary period, but

also in recognition of the prominent position held by the family for nearly two hundred years.

There was a Ruth Wyllys in every generation after Ruth Haynes, daughter of John Haynes, first Governor of Connecticut, married Samuel Wyllys. This Ruth was living in the Wyllys mansion when the charter was hidden. Her daughter, Ruth, married Reverend Edward Taylor, of Westfield, a devout and poetic clergyman, and they were the progenitors of a numerous and distinguished posterity. One Ruth, the wife of General Samuel Wyllys, herself shared in the Wyllys blood, being the daughter of another Ruth Wyllys, who married, first, Richard Lord, and, second, Colonel Thomas Belden, of Wethersfield. Ruth Belden was born in 1747, and was married when barely eighteen to Captain John Stoughton, of Windsor, who had served with great gallantry in the old French War, and for his services had received a grant of land between Lakes George and Champlain from the Crown, still known as the Stoughton patent. Here he settled and here he met with his death by being overtaken in a storm and drowned in Lake George November 27, 1768. They had one daughter, Elizabeth, who married Oliver Wolcott, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury under Washington and Adams and Governor of Connecticut for the period of ten years.

Mrs. Wolcott is described as a woman of much loveliness of character and possessing graceful and dignified manners. An anecdote has been preserved which illustrates Mrs. Wolcott's charms. Mr. Liston, the British Minister, on one occasion remarked to Senator Tracy, of Connecticut: "Your country-woman, Mrs. Wolcott, would be admired even at St. James's." "Sir," retorted the Senator from Connecticut, "she is admired even at Litchfield Hill."

After eight years of widowhood, being then only thirty, Mrs. Stoughton married, February 3, 1777, General Samuel Wyllys, at that time a colonel in the Continental Army. He served through the war, being appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Second (General Spencer's) Regiment of State Troops May 1, 1775. He took part with this regiment in the siege of Boston, being appointed colonel while in that camp. Before leaving Hartford he joined with other individuals in planning and providing for the expenses of the expedition which surprised and

captured Ticonderoga. January 1, 1776, his regiment reenlisted to serve one year on the Continental basis, and under Wyllys' command took part in the New York campaign, being actively engaged at the battle of Long Island. Wyllys was in charge of the Upper Flatbush pass, near what is now the eastern line of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and he was forced to retreat in haste when he found himself outflanked by the British troops, and he narrowly escaped capture. After the battle of White Plains he was commissioned colonel of the new Third Regiment, Connecticut Line, and served with it for four years, during which period he was almost continuously on duty in the Hudson Highlands or along the Connecticut border. Early in 1778 his regiment with other troops began the permanent fortifications of West Point. "Fort Wyllys" was doubtless named after the colonel.

In the summer of 1779 his regiment marched with the Connecticut division toward the coast to check Tryon's invasion, and Wyllys was then in command of his brigade. In 1780 he was in camp with Washington's Army on the Hudson. Finally, in January, 1781, the colonel retired from the service, with many other officers, in consequence of regimental consolidations, and no doubt the brave veteran was glad to return to his own fireside and enjoy, after so many battles and sieges, marches and counter-marches, the society of his lovely wife and of his infants. Undoubtedly his wife was with him during the winters when he was in quarters on the Hudson, sharing with him, as far as possible, the dangers and privations of a soldier's life.

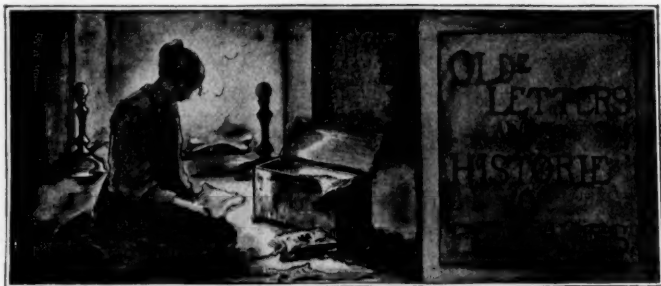
RUTH IN THE REVOLUTION.

As Hartford, fortunately for its inhabitants, was far removed from the scene of actual strife, its women were not called upon to display their bravery as in active warfare, and it was only by the assistance they rendered to their absent husbands and sons that they could show patriotism and loyalty to their country. We know by the copy of the resolutions drawn up by some patriotic woman, still extant, that the women of Hartford denied themselves luxuries and pleasures in order to give all their means and all their strength to the patriot cause. From the record of the family we know Mrs. Ruth Wyllys must have

been foremost among these. That she was possessed of fine traits of character we know from an obituary notice which appeared in the "Hartford Courant" after her death, and also from the description of her, given to the writer some years ago by the venerable centenarian, Mrs. Daniel Buck, who was a grandniece of Mrs. Wyllys, and, when a child, spent much time in her family. She described her aunt as a beautiful woman with dignified manners, and possessing that indescribable loveliness of spirit which drew all hearts toward her, and having a calm temperament, which fitted her to meet peculiar trials in her own family. Mrs. Buck also described General Wyllys as tall, of good address, striking appearance, and having red hair, and, to tell the whole truth, an inveterate novel-reader. He was educated at Yale College, spent the six years between 1764 and 1770 in Europe, and in 1796 succeeded his father as Secretary of State. This office he held until 1809. Mrs. Ruth Wyllys died September 2, 1807, at the age of sixty, leaving behind her the memory of a well-spent life. General Wyllys died June 9, 1823, and their graves are in the old Centre Church burying ground, like those of all the Wyllyses, unmarked by any stones.

MARY K. TALCOTT.





ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION.

[Read before Bristol Chapter April 9, 1894.]

VERY meager are the records of woman's life during Revolutionary times, gleanings from old letters and stories handed down from the lips of some story-teller being the chief source of information. Women prominent in society life and the wives of officers have left their names on the pages of history. We know how Martha Washington cheerfully shared the soldiers' rude life in camp and brightened the narrow quarters into some semblance of home. Her example was followed by many gentle ladies of that day, the wife of General Greene, our Rhode Island patriot, being especially courageous and self-sacrificing. One instance of her generosity was shown at the time Boston was inoculated for smallpox: Mrs. Greene readily gave her large and beautiful house for a hospital.

But it is not of these women that we would speak, but of the lesser lights, if one may be allowed the expression. Upon the busy housewife fell the heaviest burdens. It was her part to care for the home, to take upon herself part of her husband's usual duties, to care for the suffering, and wait patiently for the strife to end. Is this not the most trying of all ordeals, to stay quietly at home, to be no strong participant, but to have the news at second hand? Of course, there is danger in the strife, but danger is a quickening power; helpless waiting is what tries mind and body. These women were not idle, however; their household duties were not their only care. They were important factors in our Nation's history. They are the true representatives of the spirit of indomitable courage which animated the American people. Had not the whole people shared

the same brave spirit, had there been only individual examples of heroism, the Revolution would never have been a success. It was because one and all worked with a will, because they took up one another's burdens, that they succeeded. And it is these women of the hearth and home who were the never-failing support of the noble cause. But, unfortunately, a woman's little deeds of kindness are not the matters of which history treats. The illustrious and noble are duly honored, but there is no room for those more humble in their sphere; but in the anecdotes, homely and prosaic, we find how truly great was the representative woman of Revolutionary days.

In the first place, let us consider her management of the home. In the average household there were no servants, and without the strong hands of the men much hard and trying work devolved upon the women. In Connecticut and New Jersey old men and women gathered the harvests. At East Haddam, Connecticut, thirty ladies met one afternoon and in a few hours husked about two hundred and forty bushels of corn.

Often their industry was illy repaid, the Hessians unceremoniously making use of whatever they wanted, despoiling a house like veritable robbers. The scarcity of provisions caused much suffering. On one occasion a man sent word to his neighbors that they might have some milk, as he had procured a cow; but during the night the Hessians came and killed the cow, leaving only the head and skin.

In some parts of the country there was also much danger from the Indians, who were even more to be feared than the Hessians. One of my own ancestors, Frances Slocum, became their captive. The family lived in Wyoming, Pennsylvania, and Frances' father belonged to the Society of Friends. Having been kind to the Indians, he was at first unmolested; but on learning that his two sons took part in the war the Indians became their enemies. They entered the house and carried off Frances, then about five years old. All efforts to find her were unavailing. As she was so young, she easily became accustomed to Indian life, and, fifty-nine years after, her relatives found her living contentedly with the Miami tribe. She refused to leave the Indians, who had become dearer to her than her own kindred.

Beside the protection and care of the home, women had to busy themselves in sending supplies. Pewter dishes, whose shining surfaces were the delight of the housewife's heart, were melted into bullets. Once, when the Hessians were ransacking a dwelling, they hesitated as to whether the pewter dishes were worth taking or not. An officer suggested that they might be melted into bullets. The young lady of the house replied with spirit: "They would be of no use against the Americans, for only silver bullets can kill witches, you know." During the blockade of Charleston women procured passes to go to their farms in the country and concealed under their garments cloth, linen, gunpowder, and shot for the brigade at Marion. They fashioned cloth for a coat into some part of their dress, wore boots several sizes too large, and even concealed a horseman's helmet and epaulettes under an elaborate head-dress. They would not attend church in the city while prayers were offered there for the success of the British. One lady was so strongly devoted to the Republican cause that she wore a bonnet adorned with thirteen small plumes.

Women devoted their every faculty to their country's support, and, not least, that well-known faculty, woman's wit. It was in the line of stratagem and device that they made themselves most useful. The women of Philadelphia rendered very material aid in this way. The story of Lydia Darrah is especially familiar. Overhearing the British plan to surprise Washington at White Marsh, December 4, she resolutely set out the next day with the alleged purpose of procuring flour at Frankfort, four or five miles away; but, after leaving her bag at Frankfort, she hastened on through the snow and communicated the intelligence to an American officer and then returned to the city, unsuspected, with her flour.

The women of Philadelphia whose husbands were in the American Army communicated with them through a market boy, who carried dispatches in the back of his coat. One morning, when they had reason to fear detection, a young girl promised to procure the papers from the boy. She engaged in a pretended romp with him, and, in the midst of it, threw her shawl over his head and secured the papers. She returned home safely, the doors and windows were carefully closed, and

the dispatches read. At the news of Burgoyne's surrender the lively girl, not daring to openly express her joy, put her head up the chimney and gave a shout for Gates.

Women often took the part of spies, and very cleverly, too. In a journal of Major Tallmadge he tells of a young girl who acted in this capacity. While the Americans were at Valley Forge he was near Philadelphia with a detachment of cavalry to intercept the movements of the British. Hearing that a country girl, carrying eggs, had been sent by the Americans to obtain information, and was then on her way to the city, Tallmadge advanced to the British lines and went to a small tavern within view of their outposts. The girl came to the tavern and obtained the desired news, but during their conversation they were surprised by the British. Tallmadge quickly mounted his horse, taking the girl up behind him. They rode three miles at full speed to Germantown, bullets and shot whizzing around them, and yet the girl showed no fear.

Women also showed themselves capable of fighting. At the time of the battle of Lexington a number of women donned their husbands' apparel, armed themselves with muskets, pitchforks, and improvised weapons, and guarded the bridge at Nashua, Massachusetts. A Captain Whiting, sent with dispatches from Canada to the British in Boston, was accosted by these modern Amazons, who unhorsed him, seized the dispatches, and sent him as prisoner to Groton.

Though these details may seem prosaic and insignificant, yet they give us a glimpse of women who, though not prominent socially, yet made their influence felt in those troubled times. Their environment may seem rather commonplace, yet in looking at one of Michael Angelo's masterpieces one thinks not of the coarse clay of which it was formed, but rather of the grand statue, the completed work.

ALICE L. GARDNER.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE SONS of the American Revolution in Washington celebrated the National holiday literally under the shadow of the Washington Monument.

At the base of this dignified shaft, on the shady side of the hill, the friends of liberty assembled, the "Sons" and "Daughters," to listen to patriotic speeches and music by the Marine Band and in singing patriotic songs.

General Breckinridge, of the Army, took charge of the proceedings.

In the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Ed. Hay you could almost hear "Old Independence Bell" again ringing in the air.

The glowing patriotic speeches of General Breckinridge, Senator Sherman, and Senator Jarvis left no uncertain traces of a genealogy born of intelligence, obedience to law, desire of freedom, and the equal enjoyment of rights.

The "Daughters," through their representative, Mrs. Marion Longfellow O'Donoghue, contributed a poem on "The Land of Our Birth," "and stood 'neath the Flag that embodies our Union while history passed in stirring review."

General Sherman said: "The Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution have a right to take pride in their descent. Their duties are higher than those of others. All classes of people have been brought to this country. It may prove in time that we have been too liberal in this regard; yet this mingling of the blood of all nations has become to-day the body of the American people."

The America of to-day has been wrought into its present condition through the hammer and anvil of labor and capital. It has been changed from savagery to civilization through sacrifice, suffering, and woe. It has been made the land of freedom of speech, freedom of thought and action, free schools, free institutions, grand ideas, great attainments, and marvelous inventions through the heroic struggles and the baptism of life blood for the Nation by generations who have gone

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before and whose names we glorify. But must all the toil, the sacrifice, the heroic deeds, perils by sea and conflicts on land, endured by these men for free Americans come to naught; all that these stood for be lost in a tidal wave of emigration spit out of the mouth of nations and wafted here by every unclean wave that touches our shores? Must we go to the slums of every city in the Old World and gather up those scions of "hereditary unfitness" and furnish them a dumping place because this is a land of freedom? It is because this is the land of the free—free to enact laws for the betterment of society—that the people demand of our law-makers to call a halt. It has already cost this Nation more to hold this class in subjection, that law and order shall abide, that the fundamental principles upon which this Government stands and for which our forefathers fought be kept in trust, than it would to have paid off the debt of Hawaii, settled the Bering Sea trouble, annexed Cuba, or to have eradicated the Russian thistle from the Great Northwest.

We will hold the law-makers of free, independent, glorious America responsible for the protection of our institutions. The sons and daughters of America will celebrate each coming Fourth of July, and from the watch-tower of their inheritance will note who the men of to-day are that are keeping their fingers on the pulse of a living or dying nation.

WHILE we are welcoming a new State into the Sisterhood of the Union and are saying to the people of Utah you also have an inherited right in this body politic which your ancestors and ours fought for, and while we extend the hand of fellowship and comradeship to all citizens who breathe a spirit of human brotherhood, who show a fraternity in business, who believe in free schools and in universal enlightenment, we also welcome the Republic of Hawaii into the galaxy of free and independent nations.

July 4th, which is so dear to Americans and which has long been held almost sacred by many Hawaiians, will be doubly dear to them, for it is now their nation's natal day. President Dole, of the Provisional Government, is the first President.

The soul of freedom is marching on.

CHAPTERS.

DOLLY MADISON CHAPTER.—In accordance with one of the objects of the Constitution, "to perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries," the Daughters of the American Revolution resident in Washington and vicinity, some three hundred and fifty strong, together with some of the prominent Sons of the Revolution and Sons of the American Revolution, accepted the invitation of Mrs. Draper, Regent of the Dolly Madison Chapter, to celebrate the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington at Kendall Green. The weather was all that could be desired for an outdoor celebration. The trees and shrubs had donned their springtime dress of delicate green, and the fragrance of apple blossoms filled the air.

In the center of the lawn a tent was pitched, on which was pinned the following inscription, written by Miss Richards :

DRINK AND GOOD CHEER TO ALL.

As Mrs. Captain Draper of Colonial days served crackers and cheese and cider in tubs and dippers to the thirsty patriots of April, 1775, so Mrs. Amos G. Draper of to-day serves the same to the thirsty patriots who come to celebrate the day.

After spending an hour in social converse and in inspecting the buildings of Gallaudet College, the only college for deaf-mutes in the world, the guests gathered in the chapel, which had been decorated with palms and flowers for the occasion. Dr. Gallaudet, as President of the College and as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Sons of the American Revolution, made a brief speech of welcome, and after reading a letter from Mrs. Stevenson, our esteemed President-General, regretting her inability to be present, owing to an enforced absence from the city, introduced Mrs. Heth, who in a few well-chosen words took the chair and formally opened the exercises.

The program, which had been prepared with great care by a committee of three chosen for the purpose, Miss Janet Richards of the Mary Washington, Miss Mallett of the Dolly Madison, and Miss Fedora Wilbur of the Martha Washington Chapters, was enjoyed by all.

In addition to the regular program, some very interesting relics of the Lexington battlefield were loaned by their owner, Miss Palmer, and exhibited to the interested spectators. As the last strains of "America" died away and the guests separated to return to their respective homes, many of them were heard to say that they hoped that the present occasion was but the first of a series of equally pleasant celebrations, wherein the members of all the patriotic societies in Washington might meet together upon a common footing.

THE AMERICAN FLAG—LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON CHAPTER OBSERVE FLAG DAY.—June 14 being the anniversary of the creation of the American Flag, the first literary meeting of the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held in commemoration yesterday afternoon at 306 East Walnut Street. The Chapter was received and entertained by Mrs. John R. Little. The first number on the program was an appropriate reading by Miss Mana Lackey on the "American Flag." Mrs. Little followed with an excellent paper on its origin. Mrs. John R. Fleming gave an artistic musical number, and later "The Star Spangled Banner" in instrumental solo.

Mrs. Oaks read the "Liberty Bell" with fine effect, and Mrs. Owen Scott repeated the story of the Battle of Bunker Hill. One of the most pleasing and soul-stirring numbers rendered was that of the "Sword of Bunker Hill," a solo given by Hon. Owen Scott. Mr. Scott sang by special request, his daughter, Miss Henrietta, being the accompanist. Miss Mattie Williams read an interesting selection on "In Colonial Homes." Mrs. Carrie Kimball and Mrs. John T. Lillard followed with good suggestions, and closed the very interesting session. The house was fragrantly decorated with a profusion of roses, and the flag was everywhere. All members of the Chapter displayed the flag from their homes.

BRISTOL CHAPTER.—At the regular meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Burnside Memorial Hall, on Monday, May 14, Mrs. B. O. Wilbour explained the work, in which she is now engaged, of introducing Liberty Bells and the National Hymn, Daughters of the American Revolution, into the public schools of the State. This work has the sanction of the commissioner of public schools for the State and of the superintendent of schools in our town. It was pleasing to learn that the High School has already taken steps to procure a bell, and that the dedicatory services will soon be held.

Interesting selections were read from the Boston Transcript, giving a vivid account of the first celebration of Patriots' Day, the 19th of April, in Boston, Concord, and Lexington, with the ride of the "modern Paul Revere" at midnight over the route to Lexington made famous in story and rhyme. A paper by Miss Miriam Williams Skinner followed, upon "Lafayette," the brave general, who left his home and country desiring to serve our cause at his own expense and to risk his life in the service of the United States. The destitute and suffering Revolutionary soldiers found in him a warm friend and a generous helper. Invited by President Monroe, forty years later, to revisit this country, a grateful and prosperous people sought in every way to express their appreciation of his services. "We ne'er," they said, "shall look upon his like again—one whose only desired reward was the gratitude of a free country."—C. M. SHEPARD, *Secretary of Bristol Chapter*.

BUFFALO CHAPTER celebrated a red-letter day when, on Wednesday afternoon, June 13, they had the honor of entertaining Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, Jr., of New York. Mrs. Josiah Letchworth opened her beautiful home for the occasion, and when the Daughters assembled they found the reception-room draped with their country's flag and fragrant with many flowers, while, above all, a stern old eagle kept guard over the red, white, and blue emblems. This Chapter, now two years old, numbers nearly one hundred and fifty patriotic members, and a full attendance greeted the charming guest of honor.

The Regent, Mrs. Mary N. Thompson, introduced Mrs. Hamilton to the Chapter in a few appropriate sentences, after

her own graceful manner, and the Chapter's welcome and greeting were extended to Mrs. Hamilton by Miss Anna Maude Hoxie in the following verses :

Madame Regent and ye Daughters,
Fruit of Revolution's tree,
Ye whose grandsires shed so freely
Blood, America, for thee,
Hail ! and hail, oh guest distinguished !
Who, with olive branch in hand,
Comes to bind the ties more closely
Of this patriotic band.
Far beyond the Mohawk Valley,
Where the Indians used to roam,
Building 'neath the widespread bushes
Each his wigwam for his home ;
Still beyond bold Hendrik's River,
Girt about with fields and towns,
Where the legendary Katskills
Skyward rear their noble crowns,
Our mem'ries can recall a village,
Red-roofed, quaint, and foreign quite,
Which at first was named Manhattan,
Soon to grow to power and might.
By the thrifty Dutchmen settled,
Fearless rovers of the sea,
Rose Nieu Amsterdam, by trading
Soon a mine of wealth to be.
Next, the Redcoats took the city,
To New York they changed its name ;
Honor thus they paid that leader
In whose interests they came.
But when English pride and passion
Closely chained the settlers down,
Then the magic watchword, "*Freedom*,"
Quickly flew from town to town.
Sons and sires through all the country
Claimed the right to rule the land
Each had helped to independence
By the efforts of his hand.
Ev'ry city, town, and colony
Bore its part in the affray ;
Bloodshed, war, and deadly struggle
Ceaseless strove from day to day.

Great men lived to aid that struggle,
Van Rensselaers, Schuylers, Hamiltons ;
Through the veins of their descendants
Blood as proud and fearless runs.

From their stately manor-houses
Van Wyck, Van Cortlandt, spurred away,
Wise patroons, whose sturdy valor
Helped the right to gain the day.

Revolution, recognition,
Brought America her power,
And our patriot blood descended
Is to-day our greatest dower.

Vanished are patroon and redskin
To their hunting-grounds above,
Leaving us these olden mem'ries
And the patriots' zealous love.

From the center of these mem'ries
Comes our noted guest to-day ;
Daughters of the Revolution,
Let me speak your thoughts and say :

" Greeting to Manhattan's Daughter,
Buffalo's Daughters joyful give,
Loyalty and firm allegiance,
While head and heart may live.

" Our city hastes to bid you welcome
With bright and shining face,
While old Lake Erie smiles and dimples
To match her in the race.

" Welcome, then, from all our Chapter
Here on Ni-a-gar-a's shore,
Hearty welcome thus we tender,
Words in vain would utter more."

After the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Miss Lavinia Hawley, Mrs. Hamilton read an address which excited patriotism in each individual breast and taught the Daughters how their influence could be exerted for their country's greatest good. As they gazed at Mrs. Hamilton and heard her admirable paper they realized what ancestors, intelligence, and culture, united in woman, could do for their country, and what a power in the future the Daughters of the American Revolution may become with such women as this in their front ranks, represent-

ing the same patriotic families as years ago declared for Independence and were the bone and sinew of our land.

Such an atmosphere of enthusiasm filled the room during Mrs. Hamilton's address that the American eagle almost flapped his wings; but when the Daughters recovered themselves the fine old bird was stiffly "on guard," and they only saw the beautiful room, with its exquisite paintings and appointments, while a stately greyhound stalked sedately through and gazed on the eagle with questioning eye.

After the Daughters had sung "My Country, 'tis of Thee," the exercises assumed a social form.—A. M. H.

DOLLY MADISON CHAPTER gladdened the hearts of its many friends among the Daughters of the American Revolution and outside of that body by issuing invitations for another of those "teas" which have done so much toward giving it a pleasant prominence among the numerous Chapters in Washington City.

This time the object was to commemorate the birthday of Dolly Madison, and the time and place, May 22, at Chevy Chase Inn, a large hotel in one of the loveliest suburbs of this beautiful city.

The weather proving very cool and fickle, the proprietor generously threw open the whole house to the Chapter, and all arrangements for an outdoor fête were abandoned. The house and broad piazzas were brilliantly lighted by electricity, and the guests, after laying aside their wraps, were ushered into the parlor, where they were met by Mrs. Draper, Regent of the Chapter, who introduced each one to Mrs. Stevenson, who had graciously consented to be the guest of honor of the Chapter for that day and receive the guests. The other members of the receiving party were Mrs. Brackett, Vice-President-General, and Mrs. Devereux, Honorary District Regent (both members of the Chapter), and Mrs. Kate S. Lenman, from the Dolly Madison Chapter No. 2, of Memphis, Tennessee, who was visiting in Washington at that time.

After chatting with the receiving party a few minutes, the guests wended their way to the other end of the hotel, where they found that the Committee of Reception, Mrs. A. Howard Clarke, Mrs. Gannett, and Mrs. Nash, had transformed the billiard-room into a perfect bower of beauty by their skillful

arrangement of the beautiful flowers sent them by Mrs. Snyder and other members of the Chapter.

After partaking of light refreshments and listening to the sweet strains of music from the band stationed in the hall, the guests reluctantly took their leave, one and all avowing that they had spent one of the pleasantest evenings of the season.

Among the prominent "Daughters" present were Miss Eugenia Washington (who wore, by special request, a handsome breastpin formerly owned by her great-aunt, Dolly Madison), Miss Dorsey, Mrs. Heth, Miss Miller, Mrs. L. P. Blackburn, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Goodfellow, Miss Desha, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Mallett, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Zane, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith, Mrs. Tittman, Miss Pike, Mrs. Ballinger, Miss Chenoweth, and Miss Richards.

WESTERN RESERVE CHAPTER.—In answer to an invitation from our Regent, Mrs. E. M. Avery, the Western Reserve Chapter met at her pretty home on Woodland Hills on June 21, 1894. The day was perfect, and as we neared our destination we knew by the American flags floating in the trees and shrubbery where we were to be pleasantly and hospitably entertained by one we all love. On account of the many applications for membership, the meeting necessarily was a business one. With Mrs. E. M. Avery, Regent, in the chair, the usual routine business was transacted. Attention was called to the Year Book being published in Washington and the suggestion was made that all members avail themselves of this opportunity to obtain so valuable a record for the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Avery read a beautiful letter from Miss Cahoon, a daughter of one of our members, Mrs. J. M. Cahoon, of Dover, Ohio, telling of the love her mother bore the Daughters of the American Revolution, her wish to be with us at this time, and her cherished plan of having the next meeting at her home, "Rose Hill," Dover, Ohio. As Mrs. Avery finished reading the letter one of the Daughters reported that Mrs. Cahoon had died that morning. The news was received in sad silence, it being the first break in our Chapter membership since its organization. On motion, it was ordered that our Regent be appointed a committee of one to draw up proper resolutions upon the death of

Mrs. Cahoon, and that they be spread upon the minutes of the Society. Just before the close of the meeting Mrs. Louisa Johnson Smith, the secretary, presented the Chapter with a large American flag to be used at our room, at headquarters, in Historical Building, and, after a few happy remarks by our Regent, it was moved that the Chapter accept Mrs. Smith's present, and that a notice of it be written for publication. The business meeting then adjourned.

At the close of the business meeting the Daughters were royally entertained by Mrs. Avery, and the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to social converse.

CONNECTICUT STATE CONVENTION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—The first State Conference ever held by the Daughters of the American Revolution was that celebrated by the Chapters in the State of Connecticut, in New Haven, May 16.

We are laboring under an embarrassment of riches in all the good things that were said and done on this memorable day. The half cannot be told, but such as the limits of our pages will allow we give unto you.

The Assembly was duly convened and organized by calling Mrs. T. K. Noble, of Norwalk, to the chair, and Mrs. H. T. Bulkley, of Southport, to be secretary.

Many questions of vital importance were ably discussed.

One of the pleasant ceremonies of the morning session was the presentation to the State Regent, who had done such splendid work in organization, of a jeweled badge as a testimonial of their appreciation of her earnest and efficient work.

The presentation was made by Mrs. Hill, who said :

Madam Regent and Daughters of the American Revolution in Connecticut :

There is one unique, as well as interesting, feature in this gathering to-day of representative women from various parts of our State. It is the first State Conference in Connecticut of this patriotic Society, organized, as it is, for women and by women. There is, we believe, no element of danger in this movement, either to the individual or to the State.

While we are Daughters of the American Revolution, we are not revolutionary in our tendencies. This is in no sense a suffrage movement. A very large proportion, we are sure, of the thinking women of our time are very far from desiring any wider range of responsibilities.

They believe that the influence of woman in society and in the home, if rightly apprehended and used, is far greater than any power the right of suffrage could confer upon her. The work of our Society is supplementary to that of our homes; is inspiring and encouraging everywhere a spirit of true patriotism and a respect and love for our national history and institutions. It is not merely by registering ourselves as descendants of patriotic ancestors, but by our honoring their memory and their deeds we may realize ourselves and teach to our children what our national blessings have cost.

When we reflect upon the enormous annual accessions to our population of foreign emigrants who are so speedily converted into citizens, with all the rights appertaining thereto, it needs not a very penetrating vision to discern the danger which already threatens our Republic. It will readily be seen that there is great need of some powerful influence to be exerted upon the rising generation of American-born children to enable them to resist the aggressive power of foreign ideas. Can we not, as wives and sisters and mothers, do something toward averting this danger which threatens us?

There is another interesting fact in connection with an organization which we wish to emphasize to-day. The National Society, of which we are a part, has been in existence not quite four years, but at our last Continental Congress our little State of Connecticut was the recognized banner State, having on her Chapter rolls six hundred and twenty-five names out of the five thousand members of the National Society. To-day there are seven hundred and forty.

This we regard as largely the result of the earnest and efficient work of our State Regent (who is present with us to-day), Mrs. Keim.

She, at the request of the late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, our first President-General, undertook the arduous labor of organizing the Society in the State of Connecticut.

The pioneer in this, as in any undertaking, must be endowed with a courage that is enduring and a zeal that is inspiring. Prejudice must be overcome and enthusiasm be kindled before a society like this can be established. While our State was full of patriotic women and historic names abounded in nearly every locality, there was no distinctively patriotic work organized for women. Though a few of us had enrolled our names upon the books of the "Sons of the American Revolution," yet in that enrollment there was no definite work contemplated. It is the earnestness, the enthusiasm, and the energy of our State Regent in this work of organization that we wish to honor to-day. The "Daughters of the American Revolution" of Connecticut here wish to testify in the gift of this jeweled badge of our Order their appreciation of your earnest and efficient work in this your native State.

They desire that it shall always be to you a token of their regard for you and a symbol of their lasting remembrance of your patriotic work in Connecticut.

Mrs. Keim was completely surprised and could only say in reply that she loved and thanked them all.

THE MOLINE CHAPTER met at "Overlook," the beautiful home of Mrs. Charles H. Deere, the Chapter Regent, on the evening of Saturday, the 16th of June, to celebrate the adoption of the American flag, June 14, 1777, and the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 19. After a tempting tea had been served, Mrs. Deere, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed her guests and explained the objects of the meeting. Mrs. Deere spoke with deep feeling of the historic anniversaries commemorated and the duty of every woman to aid in keeping alive and active the patriotism which inspired the hearts of the heroes of 1776. Her remarks were warmly applauded. Mrs. Hillhouse made an eloquent response. Mr. Butterworth, as a Son of the American Revolution, in a brief address upon the Battle of Bunker Hill, during which the American troops were signally aided by patriotic women, spoke of the influence of women upon the Nation and in the home. Mrs. Gillmore read selections from various poems, which were received enthusiastically. Mrs. S. F. Allen gave several fine selections upon the piano. Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, proposed by Mrs. Deere, closed the exercises.

IN Springfield, Illinois, the Chapter Regent, Mrs. Charles V. Hickox, issued invitations to the Chapter members to assemble at her residence, upon the 14th of June, to observe the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the national flag of the United States. At 10.30 A. M. a deeply interested audience listened to an instructive paper upon "The American Flag," read by Miss Remann. The objects of the Society were generally discussed. The house was tastefully draped with American flags, and delicious ices were served at intervals. The occasion was one of great enjoyment and aroused much enthusiasm.

COLUMBIA CHAPTER (District of Columbia) has just completed its organization and elected the following officers: Miss Sarah A. Lipscomb, Regent, 1342 Vt. Ave.; Miss Mary Davenport Chenoweth, Vice-Regent, 1342 Vt. Ave.; Mrs. Alice Pickett Akers, rec. sec., 1337 L St.; Miss Carrie V. Wilson, corres. sec., 129 D St. N.W.; Mrs. Elizabeth Chenoweth Sloan, registrar, 1342 Vt. Ave.; Miss Lucy Howard Pickett, historian, 1337 L St.; Mrs. Jessie Davis Stakely, treas., 1414 16th St.

THE PATRIOTIC LEAGUE is a new organization, an outgrowth of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. Its aim is to educate the youth of both sexes to be earnest, intelligent, and patriotic citizens. It is non-partisan and non-sectarian, and proposes to accomplish its ends by education, somewhat after the Chautauqua School. Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution who are on the outlook for ways to help the youth toward a patriotic education could well adopt the work of the League.

ERRATA.

Mrs. M. S. Lockwood, Editor American Monthly Magazine.

DEAR MADAM: In the report of the proceedings of the last Continental Congress, published in the June number, on page 652, is printed:

"Mrs. Hogg: This is an adjourned meeting from last night, is it not?"

"The Presiding Officer: Yes."

This is a mistake. The only reference I made to an adjourned meeting was when, on Saturday morning, February 24, there was discussion as to the occupancy of the Chair on Friday evening. I then inquired of the presiding officer, "Madam President, was not last evening's session an adjournment of yesterday morning's?"

Also, I would state that, except to nominate the President-General, I did not address the Chair in the Congress regarding any candidate before the House, nor did I make a motion to have the Secretary cast the ballot for any other candidate.

I have not had time to go carefully over the May and June numbers of the magazine, but mention these as errors which have been noticed.

I am, very truly yours,

JULIA K. HOGG.

ALLEGHENY, June 23, 1894.

In the April number, 1894, on page 360, in the heading, for "Reading, Pennsylvania," read "Meadville, Pennsylvania."

